
THE HERO
of START POINT

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# THE HERO OF START POINT

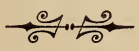
## AND OTHER STORIES

BY

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# NOTE

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*J. M. O.*

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# The Hero of Start Point.



MOTHER! how I'd like to be a hero!" exclaimed Samuel Papplestine, looking up with flashing eyes into his mother's face from the book in which he had been for the last hour reading about Lord Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar.

"A hero, Sam? Why, what put that into your head?" inquired his mother kindly.

"Oh, I want to be a hero like Lord Nelson and have everybody proud of me. Just think, mother, how grand it would be for me to have the queen giving me honors, as King George did to Lord Nelson!"

"But don't you think there are better ways of being a hero than being a great admiral or a famous general, Sam? Their business is to kill people, and the more they kill the more renowned they become. Now, if I wanted to be a hero and win honors, I think I would rather do it by saving people's lives, like Grace Darling, than by taking them, like your famous warriors."

"Well, that's so, mother," assented Sam, half regret-

fully. "Of course it's a great pity that there should be big battles and lots of people killed; but I can't help feeling as if I'd like to be some kind of a hero, all the same."

"That's all right, Sam; there's no harm in wanting to be a hero, and perhaps you'll have the chance to be one some day; but don't be so foolish as to hang about waiting for the chance to come. There are plenty of heroes—and heroines too, Lucy," added Mrs. Papplestine, turning to a girl a little younger than Sam, who sat at a window, stitching busily, "that never get honors from king or queen, but whose lives are full of heroism, nevertheless, and who have honor in heaven though they may be quite unknown down here."

"I'm afraid I'm hardly strong enough to do what Grace Darling did, mother," said Lucy, looking out from her window over the vast expanse of wrinkled sea that stretched away before her eyes until it mingled with the distant sky. "But, Sam, I'm sure, is strong enough for anything; and he can manage a boat so splendidly."

At this flattering remark Sam sprang to his feet, drew himself up to his full height, and looked remarkably like a young rooster just about to crow, but before he could say what was on his lips his father came into the room, and they all sat down to tea, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Samuel Papplestine's father was the keeper of the light at Start Point, and if you want to find where that is you must take a map of England and look carefully along its southern shore until you come to the County

of Devon. Once you have found Devon you can't miss Start Point, it thrusts itself so boldly out into the ocean, being the last bit of terra firma visible to voyagers outward bound and the first to those returning homeward. The Devon coast is very rocky and dangerous all about this neighborhood, the cliffs rising in some places to a height of nearly two hundred feet, their long, stern lines only here and there breaking into little bays, which make snug havens where the ocean billows may foam out their strength harmlessly upon the yellow sands instead of thundering madly at the foot of the crags that have been the destruction of many a stately ship and precious life.

Start Point Light stands right out upon the extreme end of the Point, sending its friendly gleams that are so welcome to the mariner far over the ever-tossing waters of the English Channel. So close is it to the edge of the cliff that you might almost jump from one of the seaward windows clear down to the "cold gray stones," upon which the waves ceaselessly "break, break, break." It would not be a wise thing to do, and there would be small chance of one's surviving to relate his experience, but an active fellow, like Sam Papplestine for instance, might accomplish the feat at a pinch. In fact, there were times when Sam, standing by the open window and listening to old ocean's thunder far below him, felt half tempted to try it. Fortunately, however, for himself, and also for some other people, Sam was never more than half tempted, and that of course amounts to nothing.

The top of the cliff was fairly level, and being covered with deep turf, made good lands for crops and cattle, of which Mr. Papplestine took advantage to have quite a fine little farm, that he worked on when his lighthouse duties were performed. Sam was a great help to him in looking after the farm, for he was a big, strong, sturdy lad of fourteen now, and liked nothing better than working away with his father after the school hours were over. Lucy too, though only twelve, did her share by helping her mother in the care of the dairy, the fowl-yard, and the garden, so that altogether they were a very busy, happy, and contented family.

At one side of the Point the cliffs opened their grim jaws to make a tiny bay that was a blessed haven of refuge to many an endangered ship, and here Sam found the great enjoyment of his life in sailing or rowing the trim little boat given him by his father in reward for his work on the farm. He always had the whole of Saturday to himself, his father wisely thinking that five days' work in the week was quite enough for any boy, and there was not a happier lad in all England than Sam Papplestine when, on a bright, sunny Saturday morning, with his dinner packed in his school-bag on his back, he would set forth for a whole long day on the water in company with some of his playmates at the Kingsbridge Grammar School. In rowing, sailing, swimming, or hunting for caves among the cliffs, the golden hours would pass all too quickly, and the setting sun warn them that it was time to be going home, long before they were tired of their fun. But then, of

course, that made them look forward only the more eagerly to the next Saturday.

In the long summer evenings, when there were those wonderful twilights which are peculiar to dear old England, Sam would often be honored by having his father and mother and Lucy as passengers on board his boat, and then how proudly he would row them up and down the bay and out to the narrow mouth, where they would be tumbled about a bit, rather to Lucy's alarm, by the ocean's swell.

After this pleasant fashion the summer of 1866 had passed away, and autumn, with its cool, cloudy days and frequent storms, had come. The work upon the farm was nearly finished, and there were no more delightful Saturdays down in the bay. Many a night did Mr. Papplestine spend in the lighthouse tower or pacing up and down the cliff-edge looking out across the angry billows for the danger signals that would mean deadly peril to ship and seamen. No light-keeper was more faithful to his duties than he, none had a kinder heart or was quicker in giving aid to any who might be in danger ; and so when one dark, threatening November morning a letter came summoning him to Kingsbridge on some important business which would keep him there all night, he was a long time making up his mind to go, for he did not like the idea of leaving Sam and his mother to look after the light in that kind of weather. Had it been midsummer he would have thought nothing of it. Mrs. Papplestine, however, persuaded him to go, saying that she and Sam would

stay up all night together, and if they saw any danger signals would send word immediately to the coast-guard station, three miles off.

So, with a good deal of misgiving and many injunctions to his wife and son, Mr. Papplestine set out that afternoon, promising to be home the very first thing in the morning.

Sam felt as proud as Punch at being left in charge, for of course, as the only man in the house, he considered that the chief burden of responsibility fell upon him, and so when night came, with a very important face he made many a tour of the lamps, inspecting each one carefully, and between-whiles gazing earnestly out over the water from the front windows. A storm which had suddenly come up, broke forth shortly after sundown and reached its height by midnight, the wind raging about the lighthouse tower with terrible fury and the rain pouring down like a scattered cataract.

The long night wore slowly away and the darkest hour of all, that which is just before the dawn, had come, when Sam, dozing for a moment in his chair, was suddenly awakened by a call from his mother, who had been looking out the front window.

"Sam, Sam, come here! I think I saw a signal of distress."

Sam sprang to his feet and rushing to the window, peered eagerly out, but could see nothing but the darkest of darkness.

"Must have been mistaken, mother," said he. "I can't even see any lights."

"Oh, no. I'm perfectly certain I saw a rocket or Roman candle or something of that kind," replied his mother. "Yes, see! There it goes again!"

And sure enough, a thin, sharp streak of flame rising from somewhere amid the tossing surges, split the darkness like a flash of lightning and then vanished.

"That's the danger signal, mother, and no mistake," cried Sam. "The ship's coming right toward us. She'll strike on the Point before long. I must go to the cliff and see if I can make her out."

"Be careful, then, Sam dear," said his mother, "and don't do anything without letting me know."

Sam buttoned up his coat, pulled his cap down hard upon his head and sallied forth into the storm, which well-nigh took his breath away. But he struggled manfully against it until he reached a sheltered nook in the cliffs, whence it was possible to look out seaward.

For some time he could see nothing save the danger signals that continued to be sent up. Then, as the darkness began to lighten before the approach of day, he was able to faintly discern a large vessel lying helplessly upon one of the cruel ledges which jut out from the Point, while the great billows were making a clean breach over her. At first nothing could be seen of the unfortunate crew, but as the light grew stronger he made out one and then another clinging fast to the rigging, and looking more like flies than human beings. Sam knew well enough that they could not stay there long, for the vessel must soon go to pieces. He quickly determined what to do. Hastening back to his mother he

told her what he had seen, asked her to wake up Lucy and send her off for the coast-guard, while he himself ran to the barn, gathered together a lot of good strong rope he knew to be there, and bringing it back to the house, he and his mother tied it together, bit by bit, until they had more than a hundred feet. This they took down to the edge of the cliff, and fastening one end securely to a jutting peak, flung the other over so that it fell into the water nearly one hundred feet below.

But what did all this mean? Of what use was that rope to the imperiled men clinging for life to the battered hull a full quarter of a mile away? Ah, Sam had not lived fourteen years at Start Point Light for nothing. He knew every ledge, rock, and current as well as he did his alphabet, and his quick eye had shown him that if the men were washed off the wreck they would be tossed by the pitiless waves against the foot of the cliff right below where he was standing, and if not rescued at once would perish miserably.

Well, but how did he propose to rescue them? Surely not by climbing down that slender rope in the face of such a storm and helping them when they came within his reach? Precisely. All unexpectedly the chance his mother spoke of had come, and the purposes of his boyish heart were as heroic now as any that ever stirred in the heart of a Nelson.

Presently what Sam expected took place. An enormous breaker swept over the half-submerged hull, and tearing two of the seamen from their place in the rigging, bore them like mere chips toward the cliff.

"Oh, Sam dear, I'm afraid. It's a dreadful dangerous thing for you to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Applestine nervously, as Sam grasping the rope, prepared to descend.

"Never fear, mother, I'm all safe. I won't let go of the rope," answered Sam, as he disappeared over the edge of the cliff and descended swiftly, holding the rope tightly in both hands and bracing his feet against the rugged face of the rock. Hand over hand he went down until at length, at the bottom, he reached a narrow ledge which afforded him a precarious foothold. Without the aid of the rope he could not have stayed there a moment, for the spray sprang high over his head, and every now and then a wave would strike fiercely at him. Once, indeed, a particularly big fellow swept him clear off his feet, and for a moment he thought it was all over with him, for several yards of the wet rope slipped through his fingers almost before he knew it. But, gripping the hemp with all his might, he soon checked himself, and then, taking advantage of the next incoming wave, regained his perch.

He did so just in time, for he had hardly gotten a firm foothold when, looking out through the blinding spray, he saw the two sailors coming toward him amid the waves. He shouted at the top of his voice. They heard him and struck out in his direction. Then down they went into the trough of the sea out of sight. Up they came again, fighting bravely for their lives. Thus sinking and rising they drew near until they were at Sam's feet. Here they narrowly escaped being hurled

with fatal force upon the cruel rocks, but their sailor nimbleness stood them in good stead, and grasping Sam's outstretched hand, in another moment both were standing beside him on the ledge, and all three holding on to the rope for dear life.

While this was going on Lucy had been speeding toward the coast-guard station for assistance. Fortunately she had not gone half-way before she met the guard hastening to the Point, for the danger signals had been observed by them. Pressing on as fast as they could, they came to where Mrs. Papplestine knelt beside the rope praying for the safety of her boy.

"Thank God, you've come!" she cried, as the guard ran up. "Quick, now, fasten another rope to the rock and send one of the men down."

"Aye, aye!" answered the captain of the guard cheerily.

With practised speed a strong rope was made fast, the end flung over the cliff, and one of the men sent down. Reaching the ledge he found Sam and the two sailors clinging fast to their rope and wondering when succor would come to them.

"All right, my hearties!" shouted the coast-guard. "You're safe now. They'll send another rope down presently."

Sure enough, down came the rope, having a sling at the end by which, one after another, Sam and the sailors were drawn up to the top, where Mrs. Papplestine clasped her boy to her heart with tears of joy brimming her eyes.

Severe as his exertions had been, Sam was little the worse for them, and he did not leave the spot until he had the satisfaction of seeing every one of the crew rescued in just the same way as the two men who owed their lives to him.

The fame of so gallant a deed of course quickly spread. First of all the neighborhood was filled with it. Then the newspapers took it up, and finally it reached the ears of the Queen of England. Picture to yourself, then, the astonishment of the light-keeper and his family when one fine day a message came from Her Gracious Majesty that she desired to reward the bravery of Master Samuel Papplestine, a full report of which had reached her ears. In accordance therewith, with her own royal hands she had sent him the Victoria and Albert medal.

Ah, that was a proud day for Sam and all belonging to him. When he opened the rich morocco case and showed them the gold, oval-shaped badge bearing the royal monogram of V and A, interlaced with an anchor and surrounded by a bronze garter having upon it in letters of gold the significant words, "For gallantry in saving life at sea," his mother threw her arms about his neck and pressing a kiss upon his forehead said, with deep emphasis :

"Sam, darling, do you remember your talk about wishing to be a hero like Nelson? Wouldn't you now, rather be the hero of Start Point than the hero of Trafalgar?"

"Right you are, mother," replied Sam. "But if

Queen Victoria ever wants me to fight for her like Lord Nelson did, I'll be ready."

Many a proud moment came to Sam afterward as he would open the case and gaze at the handsome medal. It helped to keep him manly always. A boy who had been decorated by his queen could not be other than brave and true.



# A LITTLE BAY HEROINE.

"FATHER, please let me go with you this trip. You have often promised to take me, and I do want so much to go." Thus pleading, Lizzie Pilgrim looked up eagerly into the brown-bearded, weather-tanned face of Captain Pilgrim, of the Little Bay fishing schooner, "Cod-seeker."

"Tut, Lizzie, aboard ship's not the place for girls. You are much better at home. You'd only be in the way. What could you do to make yourself useful, I'd like to know?" said her father, smiling kindly upon her.

"Why, lots," replied Lizzie promptly. "I could set the table, wash the dishes, make your bed, and plenty other things. Do take me; that's a dear, kind father!"

"So you would like to be our little stewardess, eh? Just fourteen

years old and eager to hire out already," laughingly said Captain Pilgrim. "Very well, Lizzie, since you want to go so badly, you can come this trip; but mind you, it's not the fun you seem to think it is."

"You're a dear, darling father; that's just what you are!" chirped the delighted girl, giving the captain an ecstatic hug. "I'll just be the best stewardess you ever had; see if I don't! And now I must go and tell mother right off." Whereupon she slid over the side of the schooner to the wharf and scampered off as fast as her legs could carry her, her father fondly looking after her and saying half aloud to himself:

"She's a chip of the old block, and no mistake. She takes to the water as naturally as a sea gull."

Lizzie Pilgrim hurried up the rude wharf and along the village street until she came to a cozy white cottage, into which she danced, shouting merrily:

"I'm going with father, I'm going with father! Get my chest ready, mother. I'm going with father this trip!"

Mrs. Pilgrim came out from the kitchen, where she had been making bread, with her arms floured to the elbows.

"Did father say you could go?" she queried half incredulously.

"Yes, mother, and I'm to be stewardess; so get my things ready," answered Lizzie exultantly.

"Well, I must say I don't quite like the idea of your going out in the schooner, Lizzie; but since your father said you could go, I suppose you'll have to. I'm glad

the weather's so good, anyway. Not much chance of a storm this month." And Mrs. Pilgrim glanced out of the window toward the bay, whose blue waters lay sleeping in the summer sunshine as though they could never do the slightest harm to anybody.

Lizzie Pilgrim was the only child who had come to the big captain and his comely partner, and never was daughter more dearly loved. But she had not been spoiled for all that, for Mrs. Pilgrim was just as sensible as she was affectionate. Inheriting her father's sturdiness and her mother's good looks, Lizzie was at fourteen a very attractive girl and, thanks to her bright, happy, unselfish nature, the greatest favorite in the village.

The crew of the "Cod-seeker" were delighted when they heard that the captain's lassie, as they called her, was to go with them.

"I'll bet my best boots we'll take a fine fare this trip," said Yankee Joe, "for we're bound to have good luck with Lizzie on board."

And so it proved. Their course was along the Labrador coast, and it really seemed as if the fish were following the schooner, instead of the schooner having to follow the fish. Out in the deep water the cod and haddock came tumbling aboard, while inshore the seines again and again took hundred-barrel hauls of fine, fat mackerel. All on board were in high spirits, and none more so than Captain Pilgrim himself, who was constantly telling Lizzie that she had brought him the best luck he had ever known.

Meanwhile Lizzie had been faithfully keeping her part of the bargain, as far as being stewardess was concerned. Never were the dishes so clean, the tins so bright, the table so neat, or the captain's cabin kept in such perfect order as now. And, besides all this, the little woman's eyes were always open to see how the sails were managed, the vessel steered, and the rest of the work done on board her father's schooner. She was particularly fond of watching the anchor dive with a great splash into the water when they "lay to" for a night in some quiet cove, and then listening to the merry "yo heave ho" of the men, and the clink-clank of the windlass as the anchor was being weighed the following morning.

When the "Cod-seeker" had been out not more than three weeks her hold was almost full. Another week of the same good fortune and, with a fare that meant plenty of money in everybody's pockets, the schooner would be bowling merrily back to Little Bay, when she came to anchor one night in Fish Bay.

The next morning dawned rather dark and lowering, but by breakfast time it had cleared off somewhat and the day looked more promising. Lizzie, who had gotten through with her breakfast before the others, happened to run up on deck for a minute, and immediately came rushing back almost breathless with excitement, crying out :

"Quick, father, quick ! The bay is full of fish !"

Captain Pilgrim sprang hurriedly on deck, followed by the whole crew who, of course, never thought of

stopping to finish their meal, and there, sure enough, half-way between the schooner and the shore, the water was fairly black with a splendid school of mackerel glittering in the sunlight as they plowed the water with their pointed heads. All was hurry and bustle then on board the "Cod-seeker." The dories were hoisted over the sides, the oars and nets flung pell-mell into them, and within five minutes every man on board was ready for the fray, the captain being the last to leave the vessel, giving his daughter a warm kiss as he went over the side, and saying tenderly :

"Now, little woman, take good care of yourself and the schooner till we come back. Don't be frightened at our leaving you, dear, for we won't go out of your sight."

"Frightened, father? Not a bit of it! I'll have too much to do watching you to be frightened," said Lizzie, as she skipped lightly to her station on top of the cabin, whence a clear view of the whole proceedings could be had. And what a lively scene it was! As swiftly as the men could row, and as silently too (for the mackerel must not be alarmed, lest they sink down into the deep water), the two boats, with the seine stretching between them, described a circle around the fish leaping and playing about, all unconscious of their danger.

Presently a triumphant shout announced that connection had been made and the circle completed. The fish were hopelessly surrounded. Dart hither and thither as frantically as they might, their beautiful sil-

vered scales gleaming through the water, there was no escape for them. Then, all the dories drawing near, the task of towing the seine, with its precious contents, into shallow water began. It was slow work, and dinner time came and went unheeded by the men, too intent upon their toil to feel the pangs of hunger, so that it did not matter much if the little stewardess forgot her duties for once while she followed every movement of the boats with eager eyes.

Before the work was half over the wind began to rise rapidly, and the clouds all came back again; but neither the busy men nor the watching girl noticed this until, with a suddenness that is seen only too often upon the bleak Labrador coast, a fierce squall came sweeping in from the East, and almost in an instant the bay was broken up in white-capped waves, and the schooner began to pitch and toss and tear at her mooring chain as though she were fretting to be free.

Quickly catching the alarm, Captain Pilgrim shouted to his men not to mind the fish but to save the net if possible, and then seizing one oar while his stoutest sailor grasped the other, he turned his dory's bow toward the schooner, a full mile away. But to his intense alarm he found that the light, flat-bottomed boat could make no headway in such a sea. Toil and try as they might, the billows buffeted the little craft as though it were a mere chip and, finally overturning it, cast it up contemptuously upon the beach, leaving the captain and his companion to struggle ashore, drenched to the skin and well-nigh exhausted.

The other boats were treated in like manner, and ere long the entire crew were standing upon the beach gazing with intense anxiety at the schooner upon which the little woman they all loved so well was now left alone in the midst of imminent peril.

"God save my darling!" groaned the captain. "If the anchor drags, what will become of her?"

And the anchor does drag! Only too plainly the agonized watchers on shore can see that the tremendous strain upon the short length of cable played out is proving too much, and that slowly yet surely the vessel is drawing near a rocky point over which the furious billows are breaking with pitiless force. If the "Cod-seeker" strikes that point there can be no rescue either for her or for poor little Lizzie. The captain can do nothing but look on helplessly and pray for God to interpose somehow, while the darling of his heart drifts steadily to her doom.

Meantime how was it with Lizzie? Frightened at first almost to the verge of distraction by the sudden onset of the storm and her father's vain efforts to reach her, she gave herself up to the overmastering terror, calling out frantically: "Father, father! come to me, save me!" calling so loud and clear as even to make herself heard above the roar of the blast, every cry adding fresh pangs to her father's misery. Then realizing how useless this was, she grew calmer, and lo! there stole gently into her heart, as if whispered by her guardian angel, the words she had so often sung with her mother at home:

While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Whereat her fear seemed to leave her, and again the angel whispered, this time suggesting :

"Pay out all the cable. Perhaps the anchor will hold then."

The schooner was rearing and plunging like a mad thing, her bow going under every minute, and the spray sweeping clear across her decks. But dauntless Lizzie crept carefully down from the cabin and along the slippery deck, holding hard to the bulwarks, until she reached the windlass. She knew perfectly well what to do, for often had she watched the men pay out more chain when they found the mooring too short. The foaming waves sprang at her and drenched her to the skin. They dashed into her face and almost smothered her, but they could not conquer her. Grasping the loose end of the chain, she lifted it up from its bed in the bows and, with a "clink-clank" that thrilled her heart with hope, the barrel of the windlass revolved and the straining cable began to run out. Putting forth all her strength she pulled up the chain link by link while it payed out steadily at the other end until fathom after fathom had been added to the length of the mooring, and the schooner drew still nearer to the fatal breakers.

Not knowing what his daughter was about, but noticing her disappearance from the poop, the captain cried out in anguish :

"My God, Lizzie's gone! Has she been washed overboard?"

No one could answer him, and presently one of the sailors, observing the increased rapidity of the schooner's drift shoreward, exclaimed:

"The anchor's slipped! She's going on the breakers!"

Tortured with indescribable anxiety they were watching the schooner as it seemed to hasten to destruction when, after a never-to-be-forgotten minute of alternating hope and fear, Captain Pilgrim shouted:

"Hurrah! She holds, she holds! The anchor's caught again!"

And he was right. Working with might and main Lizzie had not paused until full twenty fathoms were added to the cable's length, and then, with a joy that went throbbing through all her pulses, she felt that the anchor had stopped scraping along the bottom, and was taking a good, firm grip.

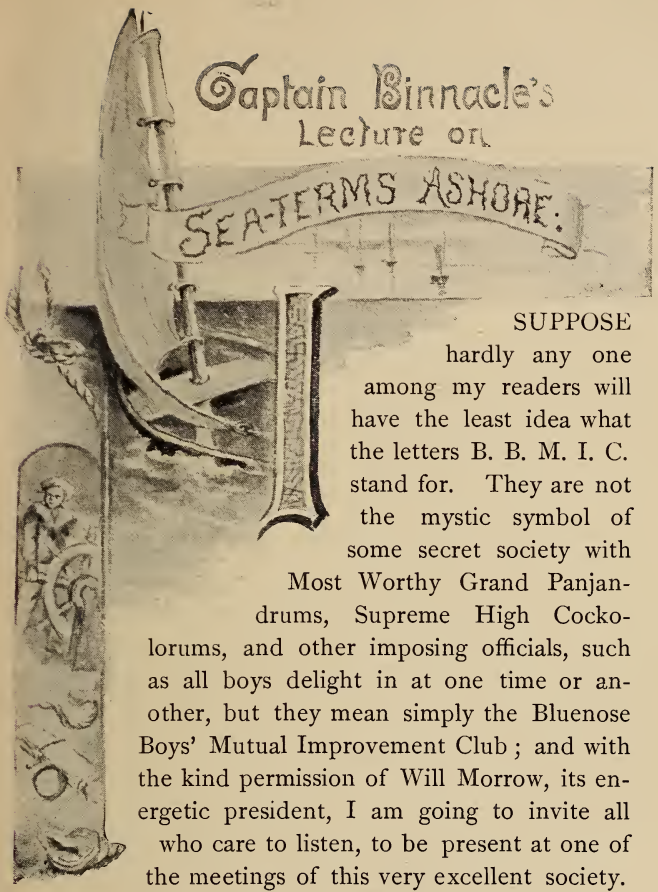
Relieved by the lengthened mooring the schooner no longer plunged bows under, but rose and fell easily with the waves. Unless the anchor slipped again, both Lizzie and the schooner were safe. The moment she was sure the anchor held, Lizzie ran back to her place on the poop and, standing upon tiptoe, waved her handkerchief to the group on shore in token of her safety. The signal was immediately seen, and a cheer that even the storm could not drown came back to the schooner.

The squall raged on, and at length raged itself out,

dying down almost as rapidly as it had sprung up. The white caps disappeared, the dories, driven by impatient rowers, made their way swiftly to the schooner. The first to leap on board was Captain Pilgrim and, as with streaming eyes he clasped his daughter to his heart, he cried out through quivering lips:

"God bless you, my noble girl! Let us kneel right down and thank him who heard our prayers."

And kneeling there with all his men around him, the stalwart captain, in words broken with emotion, gave thanks for the wonderful deliverance.




SUPPOSE hardly any one among my readers will have the least idea what the letters B. B. M. I. C. stand for. They are not the mystic symbol of some secret society with Most Worthy Grand Panjandrums, Supreme High Cockolorums, and other imposing officials, such as all boys delight in at one time or another, but they mean simply the Bluenose Boys' Mutual Improvement Club; and with the kind permission of Will Morrow, its energetic president, I am going to invite all who care to listen, to be present at one of the meetings of this very excellent society. Of course you can accept the invitation in mind only, so it will not matter if you fail to find the city of Chebucto on any map in your geographies. Perhaps it does not go by that name nowadays. At all events,

Chebucto is a great place for boys, and the Mutual Improvement Club has among its members a number of the brightest boys in the city, who meet on Saturday evenings at the home of each in turn, and have readings, dialogues, and debates among themselves, and once a month a short lecture from one of the old folks upon some subject in which they can all take an interest.

Chebucto is a great place not only for boys, but also for ships and sailors. It boasts one of the finest harbors in the world, and there are hundreds of vessels and thousands of sailors in port almost all the year round; which fully explains why Chebucto boys are so fond of the sea, and take such a lively interest in everything connected with the bronzed and brawny men who do business upon the great waters. When, therefore, Will Morrow announced that his father had asked Captain Binnacle, the commander of one of Mr. Morrow's steamers, to give the club a short lecture on some nautical subject at the next monthly meeting, the boys were all delighted, and resolved to give the captain a hearty reception.

This is the meeting to which I am permitted to invite you, and so I will now introduce Captain Binnacle —a renowned master of ships—who has spent a lifetime on the ocean, and by making good use of his spare time has become one of the best-informed, as he is certainly one of the best-looking, skippers in the merchant service.

The captain began by saying that while everybody

loved Jack, the sailor, because he was such a frank, manly, generous kind of chap, not many people knew what a number of words and phrases Jack had invented and they had appropriated, and were using every day of their lives. He thought it was quite time Jack was given his due in this matter.

"The first word I will take is 'mainstay.' You have all heard this expression, 'She is the mainstay of the house,' or, 'He is the mainstay of the business,' but perhaps it never occurred to you that the word 'mainstay' has come ashore, meaning when afloat the great steel or hempen hawser which slants forward from the mainmast of the ship down to the deck, and keeps the mast stiff and steady, no matter how hard the wind may blow.

"Some day or other, not for a good many years perhaps, you will take a deep interest in another word Jack has been good enough to invent for you, and that is 'spliced.' When two people are brave enough to get married, their friends may say they are 'spliced,' and you have only to watch a sailor making what he calls a splice to understand how appropriate the word is to matrimony.

"When you grow up to be men, and go into business on your own account, I trust you will never have reason to know what it is to be 'thrown on your beam-ends.' For a ship to be on her beam-ends is to be in a very ugly and dangerous position indeed. It can only happen in some dreadful storm, and it means that instead of riding over the waves on an even keel, the

unlucky vessel is lying over on her side until her yards dip in the water, and her deck slopes worse than the roof of a house. She cannot stay in that position long. The masts must be cut away and the vessel righted, or down she will go with all on board. That is just the situation business men sometimes find themselves in when a financial hurricane heaves them down until they are almost ready to sink into the depths of insolvency. Another unpleasant experience is being 'hard-up.' Probably you have all had a taste of that. For a ship's helm to be put 'hard-up,' that is, as far as it will possibly go to port or starboard, means that there is some danger in the road, a heavy squall coming on, or breakers ahead, or the sudden appearance of another vessel right across her track. The word does not bear precisely the same meaning on shore nowadays, but as being 'hard-up' implies being in difficulties, so far as both men and ships are concerned, you can easily see the force of the phrase.

"All the ladies like sailors, because they know right well that no man has a more lively admiration for them than Jack; but there are very few of them, I'll wager, have the least idea that when they say, 'I was really quite taken aback, my dear,' they are in debt to Jack for those very expressive words. A ship is 'taken aback' by a sudden change in the wind which, instead of bellying out the canvas and bowling her merrily along, chops round and bangs the sails up against the mast so that the vessel comes to a standstill. And the very same thing often happens among people. Things are

going along smoothly when, puff—a rude remark, a sudden show of temper, and somebody is sure to be 'taken aback,' much to his discomfort.

"There are two favorite expressions of Jack which every boy who has any respect for himself must take care never to have truthfully applied to him, namely, that he is given to being 'slewed,' and to 'spinning twisters.' To slew means to turn, and therefore to say that a man is 'slewed,' signifies that he is turned the wrong way by drink, a state into which poor Jack is only too apt to get himself when he is ashore with plenty of pay in his pocket. 'He is a great hand at spinning a twister,' is a remark often made about people who are fond of telling long stories which, while not altogether lies, are so full of exaggerations as to leave very scanty storage room for the truth, and the origin of the phrase is this: Every ship has on board a little machine known as the 'spun-yarn winch,' with which the sailors make a small kind of rope called 'spun-yarn,' which is useful in a hundred different ways. This winch twists up the yarns together, and they are then stretched along at great length, from the fo'cs'le to the poop perhaps; so that 'spinning a twister' and 'spinning a long yarn' have had the same birthplace.

"Then the lawyers and the politicians—some of you lads are sure to be both later on—are in special debt to Jack also. They often speak about there being 'a hitch in the arrangement,' when some difficulty occurs in a matter they have in hand; and it is a very good way

of putting it, for a hitch is a knot or turn in a rope which prevents it from traveling or running out freely. Jack has several kinds of these hitches, such as 'half-hitch,' 'clove-hitch,' 'timber-hitch,' and so on, each having its own special use. After the provoking 'hitch' in the arrangement has been successfully gotten over, it is perhaps all 'plain sailing,' which is a landsman's notion of bowling along without any trouble, with a clear course, a fair wind, and nothing to do but mind the helm. There is another kind of sailing, however, which is not so satisfactory, and that is 'sailing under false colors.' If honest Jack were invited to give these same lawyers and politicians a bit of advice, he would perhaps say something in this wise : 'Avast, ho ! my hearties, keep a sharp lookout ahead ; be always "above board," don't try to "sail under false colors," and don't be always thinking how you can "overreach your mates, ' for ten to one you will end up by "falling foul" of them, and may be "foundering" yourself.'

"Now here, boys, is a lot of terms invented by Jack that have established themselves on shore. To be 'above board' means to be out on the open deck where everybody can see you, and not hidden away in the cabin or forecastle. To 'sail under false colors,' is to hoist at the masthead the flag of another nation than that to which the vessel really belongs. It is often done in times of war. If there was war between England and France, for instance, and a French vessel on meeting an English cruiser were to hoist the Stars

and Stripes, that would be a case of sailing under false colors. By 'overreaching' is meant a vessel holding on too long on one tack. Ships 'fall foul' of one another when a gale causes them to drag their anchors and come into collision, and no one who has ever been on board a ship at such a time, and heard the grinding of the huge hulls as the waves bumped them together, the crashing of the spars aloft, the shouting of the captains, and swearing of the men, will ever forget what it is to 'fall foul.' But 'foundering' is still worse, for that only happens when a gallant vessel, after being beaten about by a terrible storm, opens her seams until, becoming full of water, she goes right down in mid-ocean, taking all on board with her to 'Davy Jones' locker.'

"Of course, my lads, these I have given are not by any means all the words and expressions which landsmen owe to Jack, but I won't bother you with many more, or you will think I am spinning altogether too long a yarn myself, and be longing for me to come to an anchor. I have already told you how the ladies, the lawyers, and politicians, have borrowed expressions from Jack's fruitful vocabulary, and it is now the turn of the merchants. Suppose, Mr. President, you should ask your father how business was, and he should reply that although there had been a great falling off some time ago, it was beginning to look up and getting into the right course again, he would use at least three well-known sea terms in that short sentence. A ship 'falls off' when the wind draws ahead and gets in her way,

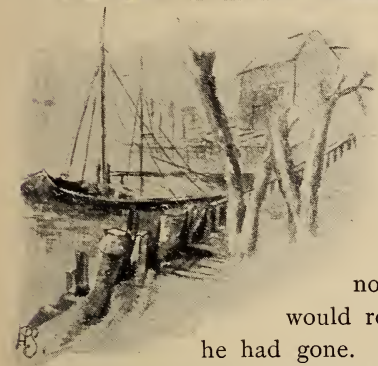
as it were, and is said to be 'looking up' when, after pointing off her course, she gradually steals round to it again through the veering of the wind, thus 'getting into the right course,' that is, the straightest line for the port to which she is bound.

"One of Jack's words in constant use of late years is 'crank.' A crank ship is one that has too little ballast on board, and is consequently in danger of going over on her beam-ends at the first squall, and as half-witted people are always ill-balanced, you can see at once how expressive the term 'crank' is.

"One more word, boys, and I will come to anchor. That word is 'brace up,' and it contains a very good bit of advice too. When we feel lazy, discouraged, discontented, or miserable about anything, 'in the doldrums,' as Jack would say, we must brace up, as ships at sea brace up their yards that they may make the most of the wind.

"By the way of a wind-up, I will give you a half-dozen sea terms, the meanings of which it will be amusement for you to find out for yourselves, namely: 'Making headway,' 'making leeway,' 'holding her own,' 'shot in the locker,' 'see how the land lies,' 'the coast is clear,' 'look out for squalls,' 'coming to,' and 'beating about.' That will be enough, I think. And now, lads, thanking you heartily for not getting tired of an old sailor's talk, and wishing you all a prosperous voyage on life's ocean, I will 'avast heaving' and have done."

# HEAD DOWNWARD.



WHEN Ted Robson ran away to sea, his parents sought to comfort their saddened hearts with the conviction that it would not be long before he would return, a wiser lad than he had gone. For one thing, he did not know how to swim, and as the good deacon shrewdly said:

"A sailor that can't swim surely ain't worth his salt on board a ship, and they'll soon be finding our Ted out, and pack him home again."

Ted had always been of a restless, wayward disposition. He was not attracted by the idea of following in the footsteps of his worthy father, only son though he was.

The fancied restraints of religion seemed to him more than he could endure. He wanted to have his fling first, at all events, to sow his crop of wild oats; and although his parents were neither over-indulgent

nor unduly strict, even his comfortable home grew irksome as he allowed himself to cherish the notion of seeing something of the world.

The end of the matter was that, failing to obtain his father's consent, he made up his mind to go off without it, and one dark night in June he disappeared, together with such of his belongings as could be made up into a handy bundle.

As soon as Ted's absence was discovered, Deacon Robson set off in pursuit, but unluckily went to the wrong seaport, there being two at about equal distance from Ebondale, and before he could correct his error, his undutiful son had stowed away on the big bark "Erl King," bound for South America with a big cargo of lumber, and was beyond the southern horizon.

Ted had not been a week on shipboard before he began to repent of his conduct. In the first place, he was desperately seasick ; in the second, he was by the command of the captain, who had small sympathy with stowaways, set to the hardest and most distasteful tasks ; and in the third place, the ocean was so much vaster than he had ever imagined, and even the big bark seemed such a speck upon its bosom, that the very idea of a big storm filled him with apprehension.

"I just wish I was home again," said he to himself more than once. "If I'd only known what poor fun there is in being a sailor, I'm mighty sure I'd never have been fool enough to stow myself away."

Despite these drawbacks at the start, however, as the voyage progressed he grew more accustomed to his

new life, and as he behaved himself well and showed intelligence, he was after a while given the place of cabin-boy, in which he had lighter work and better treatment.

The "Erl King's" course was down the eastern coast of South America, around dangerous Cape Horn, and up the west coast as far as Coquimbo, stopping from time to time at different ports on the way. Ted made the most of his opportunities to learn to row and steer a boat and other useful accomplishments; but he knew no more about swimming when they reached the Chilian coast than he did when they started.

The bark had to delay her return to get on board a cargo of copper ore, and there being nothing else to do, the energies of the crew were directed to making repairs in the rigging and hull, rendered necessary by the long voyage.

One morning Ted was sent ashore as steersman of a boat to bring off some supplies. The day was perfect; the surface of the bay had hardly a ripple; and Ted felt in high spirits as the boat shot through the water. Good time was made to the landing, the stores were procured and stowed in the stern-sheets, a little while was allowed for looking around, and then the heavily laden boat plowed her way back to the bark.

"Eight bells" struck just as the boat got alongside, and the oarsmen being in a hurry for their dinner, clambered out of her, leaving Ted to make fast and follow after. He had been steering with an oar, and feeling a little incensed at the others hurrying off, he

gave an impatient stroke to bring the boat's stern in to the ship. He was standing in the boat when he did this, and the notch for the oar being too shallow, the heavy ash blade slipped out of it.

Taken completely unawares, Ted lost his balance, and shot overboard head first, his impetus carrying him far down into the translucent depths.

His first feeling as the water closed over him was one of wild terror. He knew he could not swim a stroke, and he rightly surmised that no one had seen him disappear, the whole crew being busy at dinner. Opening his mouth to shout for help, a suffocating rush of salt water made him instantly close it again. He was near losing consciousness from sheer fright at his appalling situation.

There came to him like an inspiration the directions that he had once read as to what should be done in such an emergency. He remembered that he must not be flurried, and that he must keep his arms down, and paddle as much like a dog as possible.

So he set to work paddling, at first gently, but with growing vigor as the agony of suffocation increased, until he had reached the utmost limit of his strength. Oh, if he could only get his mouth above water just for a moment ! How terrible it was to be without breath.

Yet, strange to say, his efforts brought him no nearer the surface. Then there flashed into his mind the thought of the oar, which had been the cause of his fall into the water, and he groped around eagerly in the hope of grasping it with his hands. But his out-

stretched fingers touched nothing save the surrounding brine, and despairing of helping himself in any way, he gave up further effort and was perfectly still.

"Perhaps I will rise to the surface now," he thought. "They say that's what happens if you only keep still."

No! Instead of ascending he seemed to be getting more deeply submerged. His mind now became wonderfully active. His past life unrolled itself like a panorama before his mental vision, and there mingled with it anxious thoughts of his future. He felt the most poignant regret for his conduct toward his parents, and an awful horror of death possessed him. No ground had he to hope for Divine mercy. No other fate than eternal condemnation could await such a sinner as he.

"Oh, if I could only be spared this time, what a different boy I would be!" was the unuttered cry of his heart, and with such mental strength as remained to him, he vowed to serve God faithfully the rest of his life if he should be rescued.

Suddenly there came an excruciating pain in his head, as though it would burst, that drove him to make one more desperate effort to free his face from the suffocating water. But the effort was in vain, and after his last atom of strength had spent itself, a feeling of delicious ease stole sweetly over his senses, soothing all physical and mental agony, and he sank into complete unconsciousness.

Presently he became conscious of a curious humming sound, and of a distant murmur of voices. He believed he was in another world, and made a desperate

attempt to open his eyes. Everything, however, was in a state of whirl and blur that was painful, so he thought he would wait until he grew stronger. The next moment a familiar voice broke in upon his stupor, and aroused him to make another attempt. The voice said :

"Give him a little more of that drink ; he's coming-to all right."

The speaker was the captain of the "Erl King," and instead of being in another world, Ted was no farther than the vessel's cabin where, surrounded by an anxious group of his shipmates, he was being slowly brought back to life.

The revulsion of feeling was so great that he burst into tears, at which the captain said :

"That's right ; that will do you good. You'll soon be quite yourself again. But I tell you, my lad, you had a narrow squeak for it."

Ted's escape, certainly, had been nothing short of providential. It seemed that one of the men, feeling some compunction at having left him in the lurch, returned to help him make fast the boat. Surprised at not seeing him, he sprang into the boat, and guessing what had happened, peered down into the water which, fortunately, was as clear as crystal. His quick eyes at once caught sight of poor Ted, head downward, at such a depth that he had to haul him up with a boathook.

From that day Ted was a changed boy. He felt so convinced that God's reason for sparing his life was that he might give him his heart and serve him for the

remainder of his days, that he at once set about obtaining forgiveness. From the bottom of his bag came the little Bible, his mother's gift, which he had stowed in there with his other belongings, although he had not opened it during the voyage. He read and prayed until he became known on board as "pious Ted." But he did not mind being laughed at, for peace came into his heart, and he was strong in the strength that cometh from above.

Moreover, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his influence was not lost. More than one of the men was led to think of the wild life he was living by his silent example. In one case he was permitted to see direct results. At one of the South American ports at which the "Erl King" was compelled to call, Tom Cochrane, the wild, rough sailor who had rescued Ted, contracted a severe illness which, for a time, threatened to end his life. The gratitude in Ted's heart, together with the new spirit that had come to him, led him to wait on Tom as faithfully as any brother could have done. More than once too, he heard the devoted boy praying to God for his recovery. This, together with the boy's tender ministry, caused him to make a resolve to do better; and his young nurse believed that he would.

In due time the voyage came to an end, and Ted hastened home, praying that no ill might have befallen his parents during his absence, and vowing that never again would he leave them without their full approval.

He reached the old home just as his father and

mother were sitting down to their evening meal, and bursting into the room, he threw himself at his father's feet, crying :

"Forgive me, father ; I've come home, and I'll never run away again."

Great was the gladness of the father and mother at their son's safe return, and greater still their joy when they learned of his change of heart, for the sake of which they freely forgave him everything.

# Caught in Smuggler's Cave



HARLIE! What does that mean?'' cried Stan Clarkson, throwing down his pick, seizing his torch, and darting off into the darkness.

Charlie Franklyn paused in his vigorous shoveling and looked anxiously after Stan, while the boys on either side of him, overhearing the latter's exclamation, stopped work also, and gazed inquiringly into his face.

''What is it, Charlie?'' asked Con Tupper. ''What's become of Stan?''

''He's gone to the mouth of the cave, I guess, but I don't know what for,'' answered Charlie.

The next moment Stan came rushing back, his face pallid with fright, his eyes nearly starting from their sockets, and his hand trembling so that the torch almost fell from his grasp.

''Oh, boys!'' he gasped as he sprang into the circle of light cast by half a dozen torches and lanterns. ''The tide's in, and we're caught in the cave!''

At the utterance of these words a chorus of exclamations of alarm arose from the boys, and dropping their tools they gathered about Stan Clarkson, peppering him with excited questions to which his only reply was :

"Quick ! take the lights and hurry for your lives." Snatching up the lights, but leaving their picks and shovels, the whole party scurried toward the mouth of the cave.

Almost before they knew it their feet were splashing in the water, and their hearts stood still with fright as the peril of their position broke upon them. The smaller boys shrank back in terror and some of them began to whimper ; but Frank Atherton, the oldest and biggest of the party, handing his torch to Con Tupper, spoke out bravely :

"Don't begin to blubber yet. Give me plenty of light, and I'll see if we can't get through."

Then throwing off his coat and boots he dashed into the water. Before him the darkness was intense, and at each step the water deepened until at last he had to swim. Yet fearlessly he pressed forward, hoping at every stroke to see beyond him the patch of light that would mean escape. Suddenly his head struck something hard. He put up his hand. It was the roof of the cave ! The mouth then was already full, and all chance of escape cut off. There was no alternative but to turn back and await the worst. He and his companions were as helpless as rats in a trap.

There was not a braver boy in the country than

Frank Atherton. But who could blame him for feeling limp and nerveless as he made his way back to the little group tremblingly awaiting his return.

They knew his answer before he spoke, and as he despondently dragged himself out of the water, the poor little fellows who had been trying hard to control their sobs, broke out afresh.

"Come now, boys; stop that!" said Frank in a commanding but not unkindly tone. "Crying won't help matters. There's nothing for us but to wait here until the tide goes out again. Let us go back to the end of the cave."

Thereupon they all made their way to the farthest recess of the long tunnel, dug out by the persistent waves, and, putting down their lights, gathered close about Frank for comfort and direction.

Their situation was one of sufficient danger to appall the stoutest heart. The party consisted of a dozen boys, ranging in age from ten to fourteen years, all of them pupils at Chebucto Academy. Among the many legends of the sea current in Chebucto, was one to the effect that a certain cave, which penetrated deep into the side of Sambo Head and bore the name of Smuggler's Cave, although no smuggler had been known to make use of it for generations past, was one of the hiding places where Captain Kidd had bestowed a portion of his ill-gotten gain. This legend every boy at the academy devoutly believed, and it was a frequent subject of discussion among them, although no attempt had ever been made on their part to test its accuracy

until Frank Atherton, one of those boys who always take the lead among their fellows, a handsome, athletic, daring lad not quite fifteen years of age, having heard the story until he believed every word of it, became possessed with the determination to see if there was anything in it.

An enterprise that Frank Atherton headed was sure of plenty of volunteers, and he had no difficulty in organizing an exploring party quite as large as he desired. Choosing a Saturday when the tide would be at its ebb about noon, these youthful searchers after buried treasure provided themselves with picks, shovels, crowbars, lanterns, and torches, and set off in two boats for the scene of their operation.

The day proved as favorable as could be desired, the harbor had hardly a ripple upon its surface, the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the air was warm without being oppressive. In high spirits the party rowed away to Smuggler's Cave.

When they landed the tide was just running out, and they had but a little while to wait before the entrance to the cave was clear. Fastening their boats securely at the foot of the cliff, they lit their torches, shouldered their tools, and marched out of the glare and warmth of the sunlight into the shadow and chill of the dripping cave.

Far into its depths they made their way, singing and shouting noisily to show how bold they felt, until they reached the extreme end, where they put down their tools and awaited their leader's instructions. Now a

certain old "salt," who hung about Market Square, having apparently no other occupation than to shift his quid, hitch up his breeches, and retail very fishy yarns for the benefit of any one who would listen to him, had, as a very great favor, and in consideration of one dollar down and a thousand more payable in event of justifiable success, given to Frank a decidedly dirty piece of paper upon which were scrawled certain crooked lines that purported to be a plan of the interior of the cave, and to indicate the precise spot where Captain Kidd had made his deposit of bullion and jewels.

The boys gathered eagerly about Frank as with knitted brow he studied Ben Sculpin's mystic scrawl. Evidently he found it no easy task to identify its indication. But at length his face lightened. He thought he had caught the clew all right, and soon under his directions the whole party was toiling away vigorously in a corner of the cave that certainly looked a very fitting hiding place for pirate treasure.

So heartily did they work, inspired by hopes as splendid as they were vague, that they took no thought of time until their stomachs hinted that refreshments would be in order, when they knocked off for half an hour, ate their lunch, had a little rest, and then re-commenced with undiminished ardor. After another hour or so, however, signs of weariness began to show themselves, one of the first to let up being Stan Clarkson, who was a lazy kind of chap at any time, and it was while resting on his pick that his quick ear caught the sound of waves breaking softly upon the sand, which caused him

to rush toward the mouth of the cave with the result already described.

When the boys realized that they were prisoners until the tide should fall again and set them free, their first thought naturally was, did the tide fill the whole cave, or did it leave sufficient space at the far end for them to await in safety their deliverance? By common consent they referred this question to Frank Atherton, and his prompt answer, given in a cheerful, confident tone, was:

"We'll be all right, boys. Don't get scared. We'll have to stay here a little longer than we expected to, that's all."

His companions tried bravely to imitate his composure, although their spirits were sinking fast, and under his directions they sought around the walls for ledges and other projections which would enable them to get as far out of the reach of the water as possible. In doing this some of the lights were extinguished through being dropped or overturned, which mishap heightened their growing terror until they were on the verge of a panic. But Frank diverted their thoughts for the moment by scolding the clumsy ones very vigorously and bidding the others be more careful, and soon all, except himself, had secured some sort of a foothold on the walls which raised them above the level of the cave's floor. There, in anxious uncertainty, they awaited the coming of the tide.

As gently and playfully as though incapable of harm, the dark water stole up over the sand in wave after

wave, waxing higher inch by inch. The soft ripples seemed to be chasing one another in innocent merriment for, although the wind blew briskly outside, none of its violence was felt within, and the tide advanced simply by its inherent force. For some time the boys were silent; the slow yet irresistible progress of the water exercised a sort of fascination over them akin to that exerted by a serpent over a bird. They did not know but that each glistening wavelet brought death a little nearer, and they had no thought for anything else.

Presently, his young nerves unable to stand the strain any longer, little Regie Barton burst into piteous sobs and dropped his torch, which vanished with an expiring hiss into the water at his feet. This set off others of the small boys, and soon the cave was filled with sounds of weeping and lamentation.

Braced against the extreme back of the cave, and holding fast the brightest of the torches, Frank Atherton, alone of the twelve, fully retained his self-control. As the organizer of the party he felt responsible for the safety of its members, and, being naturally of a cool, courageous temperament, his spirit sustained him in the face of a growing dread that their case was hopeless.

"Come, come, boys," said he firmly, but soothingly, "don't be cry-babies. There's more water in the cave now than we want, and its no use adding your tears to it. Keep a good grip on your lights, and don't lose your foothold, and you'll get out of here all right enough."

Higher—steadily, smoothly, pitilessly higher, rose the

tide. It played about Frank's feet, washed gleefully over them, crept past his ankles up toward his knees, and the higher it climbed the deeper sank his brave young heart. To add to the terrors of the situation the oil in the lamps began to give out. One after another they grew dim, flickered for a moment, and then expired, until at length only the torch held by Frank, which happily was one of extra size that had been well filled at the outset, remained burning.

By this time the most of the boys had become too terrified to shed tears. Chilled to the marrow, and almost paralyzed with fear, they clung like limpets to the slippery rock, the pallid faces looking inexpressibly piteous in the deepening gloom.

"Let us say our prayers," whispered Regie Barton; and his companions, by a common impulse, began with chattering lips to repeat the prayer most familiar to them. In the very midst of this there came a sharp cry of fright, followed by a thrilling splash. Poor little Regie, in making a slight movement, had lost his foothold and fallen into the water.

Thrusting his torch into the hand of the boy nearest him with the command, "Here, take care of this! I'll get Regie," Frank plunged after the youngster, who in his chilled condition was almost helpless, and dragged him back to his place, and stood beside him. Still the tide rose. The water lapped about Frank's waist. It encircled his heart. It climbed upon his shoulders. A few inches more and the stern struggle would be over.

Oh what a dreadful way it was to die ! pent up in that dark, dripping cave where their bodies might perhaps remain undiscovered, hidden away to be food for the crabs and lobsters that now were crawling hungrily about their feet—no loving lips to give the last kiss, no gentle hands to tenderly close the glazing eyes, but instead the merciless, deadly embrace of the sea, and the cruel greedy maw of its hideous progeny !

The sobs had ceased. There was perfect silence save for the soft lapping of the waves against the walls slimy with sea-weeds. The tide need rise but a few inches more, and its work would be complete. It already touched Frank Atherton's chin. With a fortitude truly heroic he awaited his fate.

But what was this ? Had the water really ceased to rise, or was it only his imagination playing him false ? Trembling betwixt the extreme of hope and fear, Frank stood for some minutes hardly breathing in his agonizing uncertainty. Then a cry of joy burst from his lips.

"Hurrah, boys !" he shouted, waving his torch triumphantly. "The tide's going down again. Keep your places and we'll all be saved."

There was first a feeble effort at a united cheer in response, and then, their tongues being loosened by the good news, the boys began to hail one another cheeringly and to hazard guesses as to how long it would be before they would be released from their prison.

Oh, how cruelly slow the tide was in ebbing out again ! Surely it took twice as long to fall as it did tc rise. At least so it seemed to the exhausted boys, who

could barely keep themselves from slipping into its cold depths.

But at length—and not a moment too soon—it retreated sufficiently to permit them to move about freely on the floor of the cave, and an hour later they splashed their way through it to the entrance.

To their amazement they found that it was as dark outside as in the cave. They had entered it at midday. It was now not far from midnight. Not a sign of their boats could they find; the high water had torn them from their moorings and carried them away.

Fortunately Frank knew pretty well the lay of the land, and stumbling slowly along the shore, they eventually reached the cottage of a fisherman, who, in response to their appeal, took them in at once, made a big fire for them, and did his best for their comfort.

The next morning he carried them in his big boat back to Chebucto, where they found their mysterious disappearance the sensation of the town, and parties being organized to go in search of them. Their remarkable story aroused intense interest. Frank Atherton found himself the hero of the day, and in their abounding joy at the safe return of their sons, the parents of his companions freely forgave him for having organized the expedition which had so narrow an escape from perishing in Smuggler's Cave.

Although Ben Sculpin stoutly adheres to his story of buried treasure, there has been no further attempt to put him to the proof, and Captain Kidd's legacy lies undisturbed.

# Something about the Sea Serpent

IT is safe to say that there are ten persons who firmly believe in the sea-serpent to every one who does not, and among this big majority may certainly be counted the boys and girls who know anything at all about this mysterious monster of the deep. Not many of them may have had the rare privilege of seeing him, or even of seeing any man who has, but their faith is unfaltering, and they never go down to the seaside, when the hot breath of summer drives them out of the city, without hoping that they will get a glimpse of his hideous hugeness before they return.

That the sea-serpent should be a good deal in their thoughts is no wonder, for he is much more talked about than any of his fellow-denizens of the dark, unfathomed ocean depths, and we would perhaps, hear even more concerning him than we do, if sea-serpent stories, like other fish stories, had not fallen a good deal into disrepute, so that people are unwilling to tell them.

The belief in the sea-serpent is as old as humanity itself, as indeed it may well be; for whether there are actually any such dreadful creatures nowadays or not, there certainly were lots of them before human history began, and no one knows for how long thereafter. Immense fellows they were too, with necks nearly as long as their names, and so strong, swift, and fierce that the little crew of Noah's ark would have had good reason to be frightened if one of them had tried to get on board, or poke his head in at the window. Perhaps at least one of them survived to swallow Jonah, and carry him about for "three long days and three long nights."

The wise Aristotle, who lived nearly four hundred years before Christ, yet knew a great deal more than many people who are living to-day, tells us that along the Libyan coast there were sea-serpents big enough to eat oxen and to upset triremes—triremes being vessels about the size of our modern schooners. Pliny, another of the ancients, relates that a squadron sent by Alexander the Great to explore the Persian Gulf encountered sea-serpents so huge as to put the fleet to flight; and other classic historians have similar accounts.

Getting a good deal nearer our own times, we come to Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsala, in Sweden, who, writing about three hundred years ago, affirms that the seafaring folk of Norway "all agree that . . . there is a serpent there which is of vast magnitude, namely, two hundred feet long, and moreover, twenty feet thick, which will go alone from his holes on a clear night in summer and devour calves, lambs, and hogs." That is bad enough surely, but it is not the worst, for "this snake disquiets the shippers, and he puts up his head on high like a pillar, and catcheth away men, and he devours them."

The next best evidence to an archbishop's is that of a bishop, I suppose, and accordingly it is satisfactory to have so worthy and scientific a man as Bishop Pontoppidan, in the eighteenth century, not only describing the sea-serpent very minutely, but taking pains to have a picture of him made which probably forms the chief basis of our present conceptions of his snakeship. To be sure, unless we are content with telling only half the truth, we must add that Mr. Lee, the famous naturalist, would explain away the good bishop's rather startling picture by saying that the supposed coils of the serpent's body present exactly the appearance of eight porpoises following one another in a line, as porpoises are wont to do, and that the head was probably the product of an excited imagination. So that if we had only Bishop Pontoppidan to depend upon, we might feel a little shaken in our faith. But just about the same time the Rev. Hans Egede, the apostle of Green-

land, as they called him, a most pious, truthful, and well-informed man, claimed to have seen the awful creature with his own eyes when on his way to Greenland, and gives a very graphic account of it, which a brother missionary made more easily understood by means of an equally graphic sketch.

Mr. Lee, whose devotion to science seems to make him quite forget due reverence for church dignitaries, also argues that what the apostle of Greenland really saw was one of the great calamaries, or cuttles, which have since been occasionally met with.

In the same pitiless fashion did Sir Everard Home dispose of what seemed a most convincing narrative of the stranding of a sea-serpent on one of the Orkney Islands in 1808, by proving from some of the vertebræ which had been preserved, that it was nothing more than a particularly big basking shark. Under these discouraging circumstances it is very consoling to find Mr. Lee quite at a loss to explain away the large marine animal that was seen at Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts, in the year 1817. The matter was carefully investigated by the Linnæan Society of New England, which had the sworn depositions of eleven eye-witnesses taken before magistrates, and they all agreed that the monster had the appearance and movement of a serpent, a head as large as a horse's, and a length of from fifty to a hundred feet.

Neither does Mr. Lee know just what to do with the monster seen by a party of British officers in Margaret's Bay, Nova Scotia, which had a head and neck

precisely like those of a common snake, only that the head was considerably larger than a horse's and the whole length of the body at least eighty feet. When seen it was moving rapidly through the water, leaving a regular wake behind it, and fortunately took no notice of the officers, who felt not a whit too secure on board their little yacht.

Putting aside these two accounts, two others from Norway of the sea-serpent being seen near the rocky coast of that country in 1845 and again in 1847, our faith is naturally much revived, especially when the very next year brought with it an occurrence that certainly seems enough in itself to convince the most incredulous. In August, 1848, the British warship "Dædalus" was on her homeward voyage from the East Indies, when one afternoon an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept constantly four feet above the surface of the water, and with about fifty feet of body discernible behind, came rapidly toward the vessel, passing so close under the lee quarter that the captain says, "Had it been a man of my acquaintance I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye." It was going at the pace of from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, and although it approached so near the ship, it did not deviate in the slightest degree from its course, or take any notice of those who were watching it with wondering eyes. The captain had a drawing prepared immediately afterward, which all who saw the creature certified as being correct, and we may therefore safely conclude that that picture would give

us about as good an idea of the sea-serpent as we can get, unless we have the rare good fortune to see him with our own eyes some day.

There are half a dozen other instances on record of appearances of the sea-serpent, a very remarkable one being where the crew of a whaling ship saw a sperm whale which was "gripped around the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged it to the bottom, head first."

Upon the whole it seems to be undeniable, as Mr. Lee himself admits, that there are monsters of the deep still unknown to science which, having their homes in the abysmal depths of the sea, only occasionally come to the surface, and it is also quite possible that among these "great unknowns" there are marine snakes, not merely one sea-serpent, but several of them, of a size quite sufficient to bear out the stories told concerning them. So that when people who fain would be considered very scientific and skeptical, seem inclined to laugh at us for our belief in the existence of the sea-serpent, we can answer them by pointing out that only a few years ago they would no doubt have smiled in a most superior fashion at the idea of a cuttle fish fifty feet long, whereas even huger fellows are now well known to exist. In the same way, perhaps, the existence of the veritable sea-serpent will by and by be proven beyond the shadow of a doubt, and then the laugh will be all on our side.

# Captain, Crew and Pilot Too.



"PLEASE, captain, will you give me a berth? I'll work my passage."

Captain Patterson turned upon the speaker a look of sharp impatience. He was constantly being bothered with similar requests coming from bumpkins tired of the farm, or from schoolboys ambitious to become gay sea-rovers, and the customary gruff refusal was on the tip of his tongue, when something in the appearance and expression of this applicant caused him to hesitate.

He did not seem to be of the usual sort. He was a boy of about fifteen years of age, of frank and pleasing countenance, sturdy and well developed of figure, and comfortably though plainly clad. He had, moreover, a bright manly air that impressed the old mariner favorably. So postponing the refusal and scrutinizing the lad from head to foot, he said somewhat curtly:

"Work your passage, eh? What do you know about a vessel?"

"Oh, a good deal," replied the boy, confidently yet respectfully. "I've been on board of one most all my life."

"You have, indeed," returned the captain in more gracious tones. "Then you ought to know the ropes. Just jump aboard and tell us something about yourself."

With the ease born of long practice the boy swung himself on to the after-deck, and at the captain's invitation took a seat beside him on the poop. He then told his story.

His name was Dick Hayes, and he hailed from one of the fishing hamlets whose white cottages dot the northern coast of Nova Scotia. From childhood his father had taken him with him to the fishing grounds in his stanch boat, and he had been trained to help to the best of his ability. He had also made several trips to the banks in larger craft. About two months previously he had to remain ashore because of an illness. The "Merry Jane" went to the Banks without him and never returned. A fearful storm beset her. Stanch and sturdy though she was, she vanished with all on board, and poor Dick found himself an orphan, his mother having died years previously, and possessed of little more than the clothes on his back. Taking an aversion to the occupation which had cost his father his life, and feeling free to indulge the ambition long cherished of seeing the world, he determined to go on to St. John, where he would seek employment upon one

of the large ships which carry timber over the ocean to Great Britain. He accordingly had made his way across the province to Parrsboro, and there to his great joy found the trim schooner "Emily J.," Captain Patterson, loaded with piling and almost ready to start for St. John, the very place he had in view. He wound up his simple story with an earnest request that he might be permitted to go in the schooner.

While listening to the lad, Captain Patterson quite changed his mind, and as soon as he had done speaking he gave him a hearty slap on the back by way of showing his sympathy, and exclaimed in the kindliest tone :

"Certainly, my boy! you're right welcome to a berth, and if the piling sells well, I won't grudge you a few dollars for your help. Have you any things to bring on board?"

Dick blushed and pointed to a small bundle on the wharf. "That's all I have in the world," said he simply.

"So much the less to worry about," laughingly said the captain. "Bring it aboard, and come and have a bite of supper." With joyful alacrity Dick, who had eaten nothing since morning, followed Captain Patterson to the cabin and ate heartily of the substantial fare placed before him.

The following morning the schooner set her sails, and with a favoring breeze glided out into the muddy waters of the Minas Basin. Besides the captain and himself, Dick was surprised to find only one other per-

son aboard, to wit, the mate, a grizzled old sailor who seemed in no hurry to be friendly. But Captain Patterson explained that he intended to call at Ratchford Harbor for the two men who constituted his crew, and who had their homes there. In the meantime Dick must needs do his best to fill the vacancy, and he soon showed himself so active and expert a sailor as to make the captain very glad that he had taken him on board.

As they tacked toward Ratchford Harbor there came a sudden and most unwelcome change in both wind and weather. The former swung around to the northeast, and the latter grew thick and threatening. Captain Patterson began to feel anxious. The "Emily J." was quite too large a vessel to be handled readily by two men and a boy in any sort of a blow, and it promised to be a hard job getting her into the harbor.

All through that afternoon the schooner beat about the basin, and it was growing dusk before she neared her destination. Meantime the wind steadily heightened, and she became more and more difficult to manage. At length matters reached a crisis when she unexpectedly jibed; the main boom, breaking away from the guy, swung swiftly across the after-deck, and unfortunately encountering the mate in its path, swept him off into the water as though he had been a fly.

Dick was the first to see the accident, and he cried to the captain, who was steering:

"The mate's overboard! Hard down on the tiller, sir, and bring her to the wind, quick!"

The captain instantly obeyed, and the sails flapped

fiercely as the wind went out of them. Dropping the tiller, the captain sprang to the mainmast.

"Let go the boat while I down with the mainsail," he shouted to Dick.

The boat hung on davits at the stern, and so promptly did Dick obey that she was tossing in the schooner's wake before the captain had the sail down.

"Well done, Dick," he cried, springing into the boat. "Now, take the tiller, and keep her head in the wind till I get back." Then off he rowed in search of the imperiled mate, leaving the boy in sole charge of the vessel.

Grasping the tiller firmly Dick set himself to obey the captain's orders, and had the wind continued to blow steadily from the same quarter all no doubt would have gone well. But hardly did the boat dance away over the waves into the deepening dusk than the wind veered around as suddenly as before, the jib and foresail bellied out, the schooner careened before the blast, and Dick had no other alternative than to let her run off until he could bring her round again.

Many minutes passed before this could be accomplished, and when he did succeed the schooner lay a long distance from where the mate had been knocked overboard, and the boat had utterly disappeared. Then for the first time Dick realized his situation. He, a mere boy of fifteen, alone and unaided, must navigate a schooner of seventy tons through unknown waters with the night coming on and "dirty weather" prevailing. Well was it for him that he had shared many

a night's watch with his father in the stormy St. Lawrence Gulf, and that the darkness had no especial terrors for him.

Letting the "Emily J." run before the wind, he hastened to light the lamp in the binnacle and to hang out the port and starboard lanterns. They would serve the double purpose of guiding the captain back and of saving the schooner from a collision in event of other vessels being met. The lights being attended to, his warmest coat buttoned tightly about him, and his "sou'-wester" tied securely under his chin, he resumed his place at the tiller, brought the schooner up into the wind, and lay to amid the tossing white caps, peering eagerly into the surrounding darkness and hoping every moment to hear the hail from Captain Patterson that would be the most welcome of all sounds.

He was conscious of a strange mingling of emotions; a certain sense of pride at the great responsibility so suddenly thrust upon him, contended with nervous anxiety lest disaster should be the result, and above all was a keen concern regarding the two men battling for their lives in the darkness. He wondered if the mate had been picked up, and whether the little boat would be able to outlive so rough a sea, for it was now blowing half a gale. Could he be very far from the boat? It was impossible to tell.

Presently a light became visible off the port bow, and he determined to steer toward it. He found it very hard to manage the schooner. Whenever he tacked he had to lash the tiller, and spring to let go the jib and

foresheets on the one side, and belay them on the other. It was exhausting work, but there was no help for it; it had to be done.

When he neared the light his practised eye made it out to be the cheering gleam from a lighthouse, and one glance at the chart was sufficient to fix his position. This was undoubtedly Cape D'Or light, and he must have therefore sailed out of Minas Channel into the broad waters of the bay of Fundy.

He felt glad of this. He would now have plenty of sea-room, and frequent tacking would no longer be necessary. Moreover, the wind was blowing off the Nova Scotian coast toward New Brunswick, whither Captain Patterson had expected to navigate his schooner, and if Dick could only manage to bring her safely into St. John, his responsibility would be over, and perhaps Captain Patterson might also reach there alive and reclaim his property.

The knowledge of his position gave Dick courage. He began to feel more at home in his novel situation, and inspiration came to him from the thought that if he did succeed in piloting the "Emily J." safe into port, he would accomplish a feat in navigation the like of which had perhaps never been before.

He needed all the inspiration and courage he could get from any source, poor boy! for although the weather happily grew no worse, it continued ugly enough, and he was startled many a time as the long hours of darkness wore on. The heavily-laden vessel, with only jib and foresail set, made slow and clumsy

progress, yet taxed his skill and strength to the uttermost to keep her from becoming the sport of the wind and waves.

After he had been several hours at the tiller, he became so weary that he did not see how he could hold out until morning. Oh, how he longed to be free to curl up into his snug berth and rest his tired body! But rest meant death for him and destruction to the schooner, and summoning all his resolution he sturdily maintained the struggle.

At length the darkness grew less intense, and the sky began to color up with the promise of day. Then came the dawn, and after it the broad daylight, which found Dick still at the helm, eyes bloodshot, body trembling, hand quivering, but spirit unconquered, determined not to let go of the tiller until the "Emily J." was safe within St. John harbor. Happily the sunrise brought with it a welcome change in the weather. The clouds cleared from the sky, the rude blast subsided into a pleasant breeze, and the bright sunlight smiled upon the brave lad as, inspired to fresh exertions, he pointed the schooner for the land now dimly visible, which he felt sure must be the New Brunswick coast.

Through the early morning he sailed smoothly along, finding little trouble in managing the schooner. An hour before noon he made the mouth of the harbor of St. John. Both breeze and tide were in his favor, so that it was an easy task to effect an entrance. Once well inside Partridge Island, he considered that his

troubles were practically over, and so great was the sense of relief that he swung his cap in the air, and gave a hearty "Hip-hip-hurrah!" although there was nobody to hear but himself.

Yet proud as he naturally felt, he had too much sense to think of navigating the crowded harbor. Accordingly he dropped the anchor, lowered the sail, sent up the signal for a tug boat, and then utterly tired out, threw himself down upon the poop with a coil of rope for a pillow and in a moment was in a sound sleep.

An hour later a smart tug came puffing up alongside the "Emily J.," and from it there leaped on board the schooner a man whose face fairly glowed with joy and gratitude. Bending over the sleeper, he shook him gently, saying: "Dick, my boy, wake up."

Dick stirred slightly, half opened his eyes, and relapsed into slumber. The new-comer made a tour of the vessel, satisfied himself that no damage had been suffered, and then renewed his efforts to arouse the boy.

At last Dick awoke, looked up into his disturber's face, and gave a start of surprise.

"Is it you, Captain Patterson?" he cried, his face becoming radiant. "Oh, I'm so glad! I was afraid you'd been drowned. And is the mate safe too?"

There were tears of joy in the captain's eyes as he answered:

"We both reached land all right, Dick, thank God! though I thought we'd never do it; but we made Quaco by daybreak and hired a team, and drove right on to St. John, where I got this tug and started out to hunt

for the schooner, thinking she might be knocking about the bay of Fundy somewhere, if she hadn't gone ashore and, bless my heart! if I didn't find her without going outside of the harbor. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first sighted her; but here she is, sure enough, not one bit damaged; and it's all your doings, Dick, God bless you!" After saying which, the grateful captain gave Dick a hug that fairly took his breath away, and then promised him a goodly share of the profits of the cargo he had so pluckily steered into safety.

When the story of Dick Hayes' remarkable achievement became known in St. John, he found himself quite a hero. A handsome subscription was promptly raised among the shipowners and merchants in his behalf, and that was only the beginning of his good fortune. One of the largest shipowners sent for him, asked for his story from his own lips, became deeply interested in him, and decided to take him under his own care.

The sequel makes very pleasant telling. Dick had two years at a good school, then went to sea in one of his patron's vessels, made rapid progress upward as the years slipped by, until he was placed in command of the very finest ship in the fleet, realized all his dreams of foreign travel, became a shipowner himself, and finally retired upon an ample fortune with many stirring tales to tell, based upon his own experience; but of them all, the one he loved best was how he once had been captain, crew, and pilot too, of the schooner "Emily J." in a voyage across the boisterous bay of Fundy.




THE natural-science class was up for recitation at Pictou Academy, and the teacher was brightly explaining the theory of sound to a dozen deeply interested boys.

"Do you know," he continued, after telling them how every sound made tiny waves in the air, just as a stone does when thrown into still water, "that some wise men are of the opinion that those waves, or pulsations, never altogether cease after they have once been started. Nobody, of course, has delicate enough hearing to catch them; but there they are all the same, just as when they first made an impression upon the ear for which they were intended, and they will continue

to pulsate until the end of the world. So you see, boys, if that is true, no utterance that goes from our lips into the air can ever be lost, but lives on long after our voices are forever silent. All the words that have been spoken since Adam first opened his mouth are preserved in the air; and if our sense of hearing were only sharp enough, we might hear Noah giving directions at the building of the ark, David singing before Saul, Christ preaching the Sermon on the Mount, Shakespeare reading 'Hamlet' to his admiring friends, Washington giving commands to his army at Yorktown, and so on down through the centuries to what was said by ourselves the day before yesterday."

Seeing how eagerly the boys were listening, Mr. Maynard thought it a good chance to teach them something more than science, so he continued in a somewhat graver tone:

"If, then, all the words that you and I have spoken, all the speeches we have made, kind or unkind, respectful or impertinent, true or false, cross or good-natured, are still in the air about us, even though we cannot hear them, how would we like it if they all could be heard? Wouldn't some of us be made to feel a good deal ashamed? What do you think? You often sing, 'Kind words can never die'; but suppose unkind words never die either?"

Nobody in the class was brave enough to answer, so Mr. Maynard wisely dismissed it, and soon after school broke up for the day.

Fred Newton and Will Munroe walked home to-

gether, as they almost always did, being great friends; and they both were unusually quiet for a time, when Fred suddenly exclaimed:

"Say, Will, that was a queer thing Mr. Maynard told us this afternoon about never-dying words. I don't half believe it myself."

"It does seem a queer idea, Fred, and I don't quite like it, either," replied Will. "A fellow is always saying things he oughtn't to, and it isn't pleasant to think of them being up there in the air still, even if people can't hear them."

"Why, of course," rejoined Fred who, as all his friends knew and some of them at the expense of their feelings, had a very ready tongue and a sharp one at that, "you can't always stop to think just what you're going to say, especially when your mad is up about something."

"That's so," concurred Will promptly. "When I get mad I just rip out the first thing that comes handy; and it isn't always what I'd like Mr. Maynard to hear, I tell you. I'm just precious glad he can't find out what is up there in the air."

"Well, it's no use crying over spilt milk, anyway," returned Fred, who seemed anxious to drop the subject. "Let's hurry up and pitch into football."

The two boys made haste to the ball field, where they played vigorously until dark.

When Fred Newton went home that evening he found the parlor empty and a fine big fire blazing cheerily in the grate, before which he stretched himself at

full length upon the soft rug. He had not been there very long before such a babel of voices filled the room that at first he was fairly bewildered ; but after a little it seemed to him that he could distinguish what some of the voices were saying, and not only that, but they all sounded strangely like his own. So he raised his head, and listened eagerly to see if he could find out what it all meant.

Presently he heard what he felt perfectly sure was his own voice, answering somebody in the most disagreeable of tones thus : "No, I won't do anything of the kind ! Who was your servant last year, miss ?" It gave him a very uncomfortable twinge of conscience to remember that he had said those words to his sweet little sister Edith only last week, when she asked him to carry a small parcel to one of her friends. Of course, to do so would have taken him a good deal out of his way just then, but he need not have given her such a cross answer at all events.

Next he heard the words of a slang verse, which brought up in his mind the poor, harmless, crippled, old colored man, who sometimes came begging to his father's door, and whose life the boys made miserable by their cruel teasing. Somehow or other the words did not seem quite so funny as Fred heard them now ; and if his cheeks did not redden a bit it was only because they were already glowing with the heat of the fire.

Then this sentence, uttered in a very sulky, willful tone, fell on his ear : "Mean old thing ! Won't let a

fellow have any fun.'' It was what he had said under his breath when his father had firmly forbidden him to go out at night with Frank Rudolph, Ned Jones, and the other boys whose fathers were not so particular. Fred couldn't help a little start for fear his father might possibly be in the room now and overhear his son's undutiful speech after all.

"Who wants to go to Sunday-school? I've had enough of Sunday-school,'' said the familiar voice again ; and this time it brought up the picture of his mother's sad, shocked face when he had blurted out those very words last Sunday, almost before he knew it.

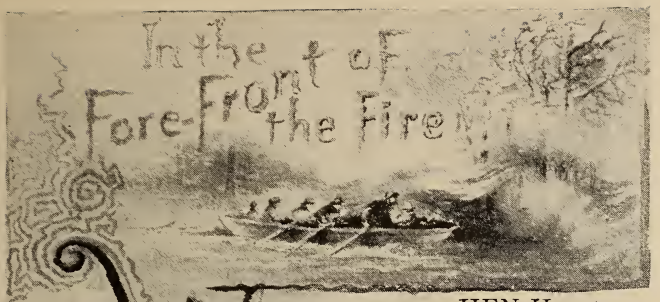
So it went on until it seemed as if every hard, naughty, unkind word that Fred Newton had ever said was pulsating through the air of that parlor—white lies and black lies, cutting things said before people's faces and cruel things said behind their backs—and every one of them seemed to have a sting in it, just as if they were a swarm of hornets, so that poor Fred was fairly writhing in mental agony, when suddenly another voice, this time not his own, but his beloved mother's, overpowered all the others as it called out cheerily :

"Why, Fred dearest, what's the matter with you ? You're squirming about on the rug like an eel in hot water. You shouldn't go to sleep so near the fire.''

And Fred, springing to his feet with a cry of relief, threw his arms around his mother's neck and giving her a hug worthy of a young bear, while the tears brimmed his bright eyes, exclaimed with a vehemence that quite astonished her :

"Mother darling, I'll never say an unkind word again!"

It would, of course, be too much to expect that Fred kept his promise to the very letter; but this may be said, at all events, that both his temper and his tongue were better under control ever after.




WHEN Hector Mackay, the youngest son of "Big Sandy," as the foreman of one of Hurdman & Moore's lumbering shanties was generally called, begged to be allowed to accompany his father to the woods for the winter's work, Mr. Mackay at first would not hear of it for a single moment.

Hector was his favorite son, being of a more gentle, affectionate nature than his burly brothers, and he feared that his slight frame might not be strong enough to withstand the rough and arduous life of the shanty. Moreover, of the four boys, Hector alone had seemed to follow their mother's faith; and although Big Sandy made small pretentions to piety himself, he had entire respect for it when he found it sincere. Hector's religion was as genuine as it was unobtrusive. The foreman put perfect faith in his son, and he therefore

shrank from exposing his spiritual nature to the coarse atmosphere of the shanty, just as he did from risking his delicate constitution in the rude camp.

Yet Hector argued him out of both objections, and succeeded in winning his consent to his going back with him into the woods.

"So be it then, my laddie," was the foreman's final word. "I can't stand against your coaxing any longer. Since ye maun go, ye may go, and I don't mind saying I'll be right glad of your company."

Glad too was Hector to carry his point, and in high spirits he said "good-bye" to his mother, and with his clothes and some books packed tightly into a canvas bag, constituting his whole outfit, took his place behind the pair of stout horses that would bear the foreman and himself away into the depths of the lumber district.

Among the books were two that he loved dearly; they were his Bible and a collection of Gospel Hymns with the music. With the contents of both volumes he was more familiar than many boys of his age; and the thought was in his mind, although he had not expressed it to his father, that if the men in the shanty would only listen to him, he would like very much to read to them his favorite chapters and sing to them his special songs. He had a clear, sweet voice that was well adapted for either reading or singing, and he delighted to use it when he had fitting opportunity.

The winter in the shanty proved to be quite as full of hardship as Big Sandy had anticipated; but it did not have the effect upon Hector that he had apprehended.

On the contrary the plain fare, the hard bed, and the rough-and-ready kind of life, much of it being spent out of doors breathing the cold, pure air of the pine forest, did him a world of good. He grew stouter and stronger every week, and found it easy to perform satisfactorily the various light tasks assigned him.

Not only was he benefited physically, but instead of the shantymen exercising any deteriorating influence over him, he had not been among them a week before the influence was manifestly the other way. Without his having to say a word, they found out for themselves that oaths hurt him like blows; that foul stories and songs were like foul smells to him; and that if they were willing to refrain from their bad habits for his sake, he was even more willing to make compensation by telling them stories and singing them hymns, the like of which had never been heard in the Black River shanties before.

Thus the long winter passed both pleasantly and profitably for Hector; and, as the result of the shantymen's toil, a large quantity of square timber had been gotten out to be floated down to Quebec. It was a particularly fine lot and, prices being good, the foreman was very anxious to get the drive safely and speedily out into the broad, deep bosom of the Ottawa. All hands accordingly had been working very hard, and Hector found the occupation of watching them and helping as he could intensely interesting.

The men had good reason to exert themselves to the utmost; for with the spring had come a prolonged

drought which gave them no small anxiety, since if the rain held off many days more the water in the rivers and streams would get so low as to "stick the drive," and thus "hang up" the product of their winter's work until the following spring. Instead of the sorely needed rain, however, there were furious gales of wind, which, aided by the sun, made the great forest of pine that clothed the country extremely dry and ready to flash into devouring flame at the slightest provocation.

At last, by dint of unsparing exertion and such constant risking of life in running rapids and breaking up "jams" as only "river drivers" know of, the great army of ponderous "sticks," each one from twenty to thirty feet in length, and from eighteen inches to three feet square, had been brought within some thirty miles of the Ottawa. Only a few rapids and shoots, joining broad, easy stretches of deep water, had yet to be reckoned with, and then the worst of the work would be over.

"We're doing fine, boys," said Big Sandy at the camp-fire, rubbing his horny palms together gleefully. "If we could only get a couple of days' rain now, we'd just sail along the rest of the way."

But the rain seemed as far away as ever that night. The sun set in a perfect blaze of red, and the wind blew strong and steady from the west.

"Rain long way off still," said Jean Baptiste, the plump cook of the camp, who rather prided himself upon being weather-wise. "Dis river soon dry up; not much water left now."

"You dry up yourself, Johnny," shouted Big Sandy, throwing a bit of bark at him. "None of your croaking here. You don't know any more about it than the rest of us."

"Maybe no" retorted the cook, shaking his head knowingly. "Hope not, anyway."

The days that followed however, quite fulfilled Jean Baptiste's forecast. Not a drop of rain fell, and the eagerly desired freshet showed no signs of coming to the lumbermen's assistance.

"It's no use trying to get through with this amount of water," Sandy announced some evenings later. "I'll have to go back to Manitou dam and let out the reserve. I reckon that will carry us through all right."

No sooner had he spoken than Hector piped up with the request, "May I go too, father?"

"You'll be only in the way, but I'll not say ye nay," was the somewhat rough response.

"Oh, I'll help all I can," responded Hector cheerfully.

Accordingly the next morning, taking fourteen of the gang with him, and a long swift canoe called a "racer," the foreman went back up the Manitou to the reserve dam. This had been built without a waste gate; and consequently, in order to let the water out, it was necessary to throw aside the stones and cut away the logs and sheeting; a job that gave all hands some five hours of hard work, during which they hardly looked about them.

In the meantime the wind rose, and before their

work was finished it was blowing a regular gale. The sun had been shining brightly all the morning, but suddenly a dark cloud appeared in the west and swiftly sped across the sky until it had obscured the sun, and attracted the attention of Hector, who at once called to his father to ask its meaning. At the same moment a long, low, rumbling sound like distant thunder, but as continuous as the rushing of a long express train over an iron bridge, made itself heard, and with a shout of alarm, Big Sandy called out to the men :

"The timber's afire, and the wind's blowing this way ! We must make the lake before the fire reaches us, or we're done for."

Instantly there was a stampede for the canoe, into which the men tumbled pell-mell, and two minutes later the racer was darting through the water at the bidding of fifteen strong pairs of arms.

"Paddle for your lives, boys !" shouted Big Sandy, making his stout steersman's blade bend at every stroke, while the stalwart men put their whole strength into their work, sending the long canoe shooting like an arrow through the foaming stream, now swollen by the addition of the reserve water. In the bow crouched Hector, now keeping an eye ahead so as to give warning of rocks and shallows, now glancing anxiously behind at the awful pursuer.

They had a long stretch of narrow river to pass through, where to be caught by the fire meant certain death from falling trees or scorching flame ere they could get out upon the broad lake, which offered their

only chance of escape. Not a word was spoken save by Sandy who, from time to time called out encouragingly to the straining, sweating paddlers :

"That's the way to do it, boys ; give it to her for all you're worth ! Keep that up, and we'll be all right."

Above their heads towered a black, appalling arch of smoke, borne by the blast in advance of the flames, out of whose sable bosom fiery flakes of moss, or glowing fragments of wood were falling like Tartarean hail. As the canoe shot down the stream it was accompanied along the banks by an affrighted throng of bears, wolves, lynxes, foxes, and deer ; all their mutual fear or ferocity being forgotten in the general panic at the red terror which followed so fast.

"It's mighty rough that we haven't got time to get some of those skins," said Tom Martin, with a longing look at two splendid black bears which were well in the van of the hurrying herd ; for Tom was a trapper as well as a shantyman, and he now saw more good dollars' worth of fur than had greeted his eyes for years past.

"We'd better make sure of saving our own skins first," retorted Big Sandy grimly. "Paddle away there and never mind the bears."

The scene as the swift canoe tore along was magnificent and terrible beyond all description. The flames curled fiercely over the tops of pines that towered full a hundred feet into the air, and great billows of smoke in marvelous shades of blue, black, purple, and blood-red rolled up to the sky. The wind came in hot gusts,

striking the water with a force that scourged it into vaporous spray, through the midst of which the racer sped her arrowy course.

The men were perfectly silent now, the only voice being Big Sandy's, as he from time to time urged on their paddling. The stream widened as it approached the lake, and Hector no longer found it necessary to keep a lookout for dangers ahead. Relieved from this duty, he was now kneeling in the bow praying fervently for their preservation from the awful death that threatened. Observing what he was doing, his father called out in a tone of warm approval:

"That's right, my laddie; we never needed your prayers more. I promise you I'll be a better man if we get out of this alive."

From the countenances of the men it was clear that the foreman was not alone in welcoming Hector's appeal for Divine assistance. The thought evidently cheered them all, and when, a minute later, he turned around and in a strong, sweet voice began to sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the effect upon them was to revive their waning energies and to put fresh force into their straining strokes.

On they rushed through the foaming water, while Hector sang that beautiful hymn. The fire was ever coming closer as they drew nearer to their goal of safety. As they came to where the stream lost itself in the lake, a great wall of flame seemed to bar their further progress. Hector was the first to notice it. He at once stopped singing and betook himself again to prayer.

Big Sandy saw it then, and ejaculating, "Lord help us; we're surrounded!" shouted to the men: "Lay on to it now, boys! Drive her! Drive her! We've got to go through it!"

They grasped their paddles for a supreme effort, bending their heads low to shield them from the burning blast, and straight at the flames they charged. The hot tongues of fire were almost touching them, when a mighty blast of wind parted them to right and left, and through the opening thus providentially made the canoe darted out into the lake where, by turning off to the south, the pursuing flames were entirely avoided, and they could rest upon their paddles while they breathed the pure air untainted by the smoke of the conflagration.

The moment the paddles paused in their work, Hector began to sing,

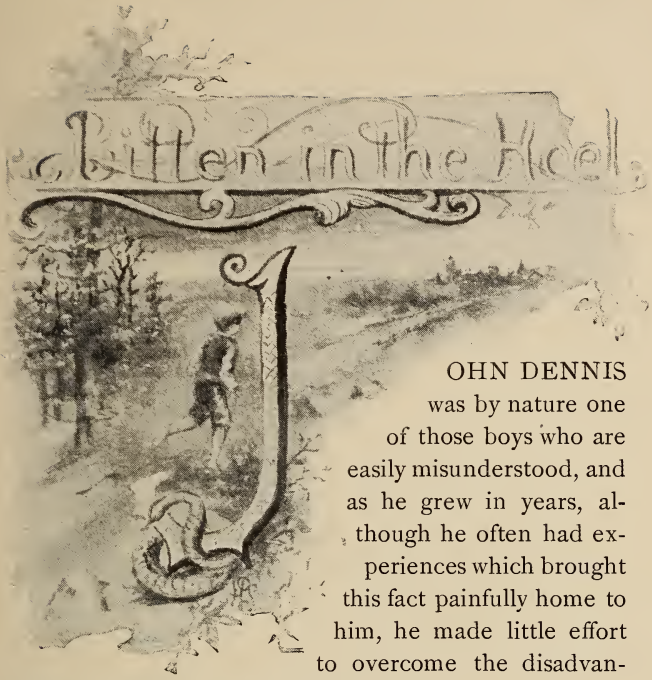
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

After a little hesitation his father joined in, and one by one the other men who knew the grand old doxology lent their voices until the anthem of praise rang out over the lake, opposing its glorious music to the roaring of the relentless flames.

When the singing ceased, Big Sandy heaved a heavy sigh, and wiping his dripping forehead, said in a voice whose sincerity there was no questioning:

"I've not been the man I ought to have been; but, God helping me, I'll try to be a better one from this day out."

He kept his resolution too, and Hector and his mother soon had the happiness of having him join them in the religious exercises they so greatly enjoyed, and of seeing him become an active worker for the Lord, and exerting for him the great influence he possessed among the lumbermen of the region.




JOHN DENNIS was by nature one of those boys who are easily misunderstood, and as he grew in years, although he often had experiences which brought this fact painfully home to him, he made little effort to overcome the disadvantage under which he was thereby placed.

He certainly could not be called prepossessing at first acquaintance. Gaunt and angular of form, sallow and freckled of face, his hair sparse and straggling—there seemed nothing about him to attract one's attention, unless it were his awkwardness. In conversation one was sure to find him most uninteresting. Short and almost sullen replies were all he would vouchsafe to questions, and the conversation would come to an end as soon as one ceased making advances, for he would never volunteer anything himself.

The fact of the matter was, he had come into the world handicapped with a nature that peculiarly needed tender love and intelligent sympathy in order to its right expansion and development, and these very elements had been especially lacking from his home life. A stern, indifferent father and a mother who lavished all her love and pride upon his elder brother, a handsome, bright, high-spirited boy two years his senior, left him as much as possible to himself, with the result that his shy reserve deepened and his taciturnity intensified with the passing of the years.

Yet all the time within his heart there stirred a spirit for whose possession no one gave him credit, a spirit of revolt against the fetters that so sorely hampered his life, and of burning ambition to perform some action whose heroic quality would reveal him in an altogether new light, and prove to other people that he was made of better stuff than they imagined.

"It isn't fair," he cried bitterly to himself one day, after his mother, annoyed at his irresponsive silence in the presence of some visitors, had been instituting humiliating comparisons with his brother Frank, whose engaging ease of manner certainly made him very attractive. "I'm not built like Frank, but I can't help it. I'm just what God made me. We can't all be the same. If they'd only leave me alone! But it's no use; I can't talk and smile and play the gentleman for everybody, and so they think I'm no good for anything."

He was silent for a moment as the full misery of his

position swept over his soul like a great wave. Then he straightened himself up, an unwonted fire flashing in his gray eyes ; he clenched his freckled fists together and lifting a determined face toward the sky, exclaimed:

"I don't care ! it's not going to be always like this. Some day I'll have the chance to show them that I'm not the duffer they say I am, and then——"

He left the sentence unfinished, and went off with long, swift steps toward the hill pasture where he had a secluded nook of his own in which he spent many hours with no other companion than his dog Oscar, a fine Irish setter, given to him as a pup by an uncle who took pity on his evident loneliness.

In all the world, Oscar alone seemed to thoroughly believe in and understand him. His great brown eyes held more love and faith than poor John met anywhere else, and every curly hair of the beautiful creature was precious to him. It always comforted his heart to have a good talk with Oscar, for, although the dog could say nothing, he looked volumes, and John felt sure of his heartfelt sympathy.

Dusk was gathering the scattered shadows into one before the boy and dog made their way back to the farmhouse. Oscar went off to his kennel beside the barn, and John was about to go to his room when he became aware that the household was in an unusual state of turmoil. His mother's voice could be heard from her room, giving orders in a tone of almost frantic excitement, and the servants were rushing about in a bewildered way, as if they did not know what to do

with themselves. One of them, catching sight of John, called out :

"Here he is, Mrs. Dennis ; he's just come in."

Immediately his mother called to him : "John, come here, instantly !"

Very much startled, John hastened into the room. His brother lay upon the bed, looking ghastly white and faint, evidently from the loss of blood, for the white counterpane had a great dark stain upon it where his right thigh pressed into it. Mrs. Dennis was sitting beside him with both hands clasped tightly about his leg just above the wound.

"Have you come at last?" she exclaimed, more in anger than reproach. "And your brother dying here for need of a doctor. You're never to be found when you're most wanted."

John made no reply. He had no idea of defending himself. He could think of nothing but his brother lying there bleeding to death.

"Are you both blind and dumb?" shrieked Mrs. Dennis in her excitement. "Don't you see what's to be done? The doctor must be fetched at once, and father's got the horse away with him. Run with all your might to the village and bring Dr. Henderson back. There's not a moment to lose."

John needed not another word. He was in his bare feet; the village of Elmvale was full two miles distant, and darkness would be upon him before he got half way there. But he cared not for these things. The opportunity so long hoped for had come. He would now

show them all that he was no booby, that he could be of service as well as anybody else when he had the chance.

Darting out of the door he called to Oscar as he shot past the barn, and in a minute they had both disappeared toward the village.

While his bare feet pattered over the dusty road, John's mind was busy considering how he could shorten the way to Elmvale. In order to avoid a troublesome elevation known as Rattlesnake Bluff, the highway made a wide detour. Some of the residents were accustomed to use a rude path that skirted the other side of the bluff, and shortened the distance fully a quarter of a mile. John knew this path perfectly, and the question was, whether to take it now or to go around by the road. There were two serious objections to it: the danger of tripping over a rock in the gloom and getting a nasty fall and, still worse, the peril of a snake bite, for the bluff deserved its name although the rattlers were few and far between.

Not until he reached the spot where the path branched off did John decide. Then yielding to sudden impulse he left the main road, and with a scarcely slackened speed hastened along the short cut that was barely discernible in the dim light. At every step he expected to hear the horrible rattle that would speak of deadly danger; yet he kept steadfastly on. Oscar followed close at his heels. He had almost circled the bluff, and in another minute would have been out upon the meadow on the other side, free from all

risk of harm, when suddenly Oscar sniffed suspiciously, and then gave a warning bark. Almost at the same instant a fierce rattle broke the still evening air, and a sickening musty odor befouled its sweetness.

With a cry of alarm John sprang high into the air, for right in the path lay a dark shape whose awful character had already been revealed both by sound and scent. The leap was a good one, but did not foil the reptile. As quick as a lightning stroke it shot out its hideous head, and he felt a sharp sting in his left heel.

With what marvelous quickness the mind will act! The instant after the bite John's course of action was decided upon. Throwing himself down, he caught his heel and pressed it in his mouth, sucking fiercely at the wound, and spitting out the blood that issued from it. Then, opening the sharpest blade of his pocket knife, he cut out the flesh completely around the bite and put the gaping wound thus made to his mouth. Next he whipped out his handkerchief, bound it around his foot as best he could, and saying to himself, "There, now, I guess that'll stay fixed until I get to the doctor's," ran off again with hardly abated speed, although every movement of his left foot sent a pang of agony straight to his heart.

He still had nearly a mile to go, but happily it was along the smooth main road all the way. Little by little, in spite of all his resolution, his pace slackened, for the loss of blood and the pain told severely upon him. Yet he doggedly kept on, every few yards muttering through his clenched teeth :

"I won't stop. I won't give in. I'll get there if I die for it."

The darkness deepened about him until the dusty road became a mere ghostly streak through its center. No sound of wheels or of human voices broke the soft evening silence. He seemed to be utterly alone, although here and there he could see the lights flashing from the windows of the farmhouses scattered through the wide-spreading fields.

Dr. Henderson's house stood in the outskirts of Elmvale, and John's shortest course was by a back road lying at right angles to the main street. Few people, therefore, observed the barefooted, bareheaded boy limping hurriedly along and muttering to himself as though he might be drunk or demented. No one recognized him and he spoke to no one.

On he kept in spite of suffering, weariness, and a strange giddiness that made him stagger at times almost to falling. He was in the doctor's street now. He could see the light gleaming from the surgery window.

"Thank God! he's at home!" he panted.

One more tremendous effort that seemed to exhaust every particle of strength still remaining, and he reached the steps of the house and dragged himself up by means of the hand-rail, pushed open the surgery door without waiting to ring, and then collapsed into a big arm-chair with a husky cry of:

"Home, doctor, please, quick! Frank's dying."

Dr. Henderson had been writing when the boy thus burst in upon him. Springing to his feet he called out

to the servant to have his horse gotten ready at once, and then, turning to John, said in a kindly tone :

"You're done out, my boy. You've had a hard run. I must get you a drink." Then his quick eye catching sight of the blood-stained handkerchief bound about the heel, he exclaimed : "But what's this? You've hurt your foot. Let me look at it."

"Rattlesnake bit me," murmured John, in a scarcely audible voice, and as the doctor made a swift movement toward him, his powers of endurance reached their limit and he fell back in the chair in a dead faint.

With skilled alertness Dr. Henderson unbound the heel, gave a whistle of surprise and concern when he saw the wound, and without wasting a moment, proceeded to cleanse it thoroughly, drench it with a strong antiseptic, and bind it up in clean linen, saying as he did so :

"Most extraordinary thing ! The boy's a regular hero ; and he's done the best possible thing too."

By the time the bandaging was completed, John's faintness had passed away, and he opened his eyes with a look of inquiry that turned to one of relief, as he saw what had been done for him.

"I cut it out, doctor," he said, adding in an anxious tone, "was that right?"

"Right? yes, exactly," replied the doctor heartily, "since you had the pluck to do it. You've no doubt saved your life. Come, now, let me help you into my carriage and we'll hurry home."

The drive back was like a dream to John. He tried

hard to answer the questions put to him, but a strange stupor obscured his senses and he could not make the matter very clear. When they arrived at the farm-house the doctor helped him out, and then bidding him lie down until he could see him again, hastened into the room where Mrs. Dennis, still holding tightly to her son's thigh although her strength was well-nigh gone, awaited him with wild anxiety.

Happily he had not come too late. The cruel gash, which Frank had received by falling into a mowing machine with which he had been meddling, was deftly brought under treatment, and Mrs. Dennis who, dreading lest her darling should bleed to death had been using her own hands as a ligature, was relieved of her trying task. The moment Frank had been duly bandaged the doctor turned about, saying:

"And now I must see to John. Where is he?"

"John!" cried Mrs. Dennis in a tone of surprise not unmingled with alarm. "Is there anything the matter with him?"

"That there is," responded Dr. Henderson, "something very serious the matter. I must see him at once."

John was found lying upon his own bed in a condition more of the nature of a swoon than of sleep.

"He must be aroused at once," said the doctor, "and kept awake at any cost."

Mrs. Dennis felt inclined to rebel against attention being thus distracted from her favorite; but the doctor's tone and manner were not to be gainsaid, and his directions were promptly carried out.

The rest of the story is easily told. John recovered from the effects of the bite even more quickly than Frank did from his wound, and when he came out of his room again he found himself in a greatly changed atmosphere. Dr. Henderson had told of his heroic deed to the whole country-side. Praise of the shy, reserved boy, whom so many esteemed stupid, was upon every lip. Nowhere was the alteration of feeling more marked than at home. The father, suddenly realizing that John had "something in him after all," showed an interest never manifested before; the mother, grateful for the service he had rendered and remorseful for the neglect of the past, sought to make reparation by bestowing the regard hitherto withheld; while Frank, taking his cue from them, no longer treated his brother as though he was nothing to him.

It was the beginning of a new era in John's life, and although, of course, the way henceforth was not by any means a path of roses, still it undoubtedly proved a better and brighter way than it possibly could have been but for the courage and resolution shown by him when he took the short cut around Rattlesnake Bluff.




A HAPPY day it was for Eric Stewart and his pale, careworn mother when the welcome news came of his appointment as page in the Canadian House of Commons. Ever since Mr. Stewart, who was a clerk in the Civil Service, with a small salary which gave him no chance to save anything, died suddenly two years before, there had been hard times with the wife and little son he left behind; but by keeping up a brave heart and doing whatever suitable work she could get, Mrs. Stewart managed to provide for both until this winter. But then, just as the cold became intense and food and fuel dearest, her health gave way, and the doctor told her that if she wanted to live much longer she would have to take complete rest for at least three months.

Poor Mrs. Stewart! It was all very well to tell her that she must rest, but how were she and Eric to live if she could earn nothing? Everything looked so dark

and hopeless that only her faith in God kept her from utter despair. And God did not fail her in this trying time; for Mr. Patterson, a member of parliament, who had been a good friend of Eric's father, happening to hear of their distress, came to see Mrs. Stewart and offered to use his influence in securing the position of page for the sturdy little lad, whose handsome face and brave blue eyes made everybody like him at once. His efforts happily proved successful, and when the note came announcing Eric's appointment there were not two happier people in the city than the widow and her boy. And oh, how proud Eric felt days afterward, as clad in his beautiful dark-blue suit, all studded down the breast with bright silver buttons, and looking the very ideal of a page, he danced about his mother's room full of eagerness to be off to the Parliament building!

He might well feel proud; for was he not to earn a whole dollar every day of the week, even Sundays being counted, for the next three months at least, and thus keep a sick mother in comfort all through the long winter she had dreaded so much?

Of course it would be hard work; Mr. Patterson had told him that. He would have to be on duty from ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, or from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight or later, day and day about; which arrangement did not leave much time for play. But Eric made up his mind to this and, his mother having taught him whatever he did to do it with all his might, he soon became the favorite page in the House, not merely because he was the best

looking, but because he gave his whole mind to his work and made so few mistakes.

Parliament had been two months in session and Eric was beginning to get very tired of it, for the sittings grew longer and the work heavier as the end of the session drew near, when one night Mr. Patterson, who had all along taken a good deal of interest in him, noticing how pale and tired the poor boy looked as he rested his weary little legs for a few moments at the bottom of the Speaker's dais, called Eric to him, intending to have a little talk with him. But as Eric came up the division bell rang, so, drawing a fat roll of crumpled bills from his pocket, Mr. Patterson hurriedly picked out one and, without looking at it, slipped it into the boy's hand, whispering :

"Here, my lad, is a dollar for you. Run and get some cake and coffee from Mother Bunch," Mother Bunch being an old lady who was allowed to keep a little coffee stall in one corner of the great porch.

Eric was so surprised at this unexpected gift that he did not look at the bill either, but stuffed it into his pocket while saying thanks, and then the next moment he was called off somewhere else and kept so busy until the House rose that he quite forgot he had it. When he did look at the bill what was his astonishment to find that instead of being for only one dollar it was for ten dollars !

Of course his first thought was to give it right back to Mr. Patterson. But that gentleman had already gone home ; so, saying to himself that he would return it in

the morning, Eric trudged off to his own home about as weary a little lad as there was in all that city.

Perhaps it was because he felt so tired out that the tempter found it so easy to get into his thoughts. Anyway, he did get there, and this was what he said as Eric walked slowly homeward :

"I wouldn't give that bill back if I were you, Eric. How do you know he didn't mean to give you ten dollars instead of only one? Members often do give pages as much as that. Why, Mr. Wright gave Will Murray that much only the other day. But even if he didn't he'll never know the difference. Just see what a lot of money he had all crumpled up in his pocket, more money than ever your mother had at once in her life. And he is so rich too! You would better keep the money for yourself, you know. Your mother gets all your wages, and it's only fair you should have something too. Just think of the number of things you could buy with ten dollars!"

All this, and more too, did the wily tempter whisper to Eric, for although nobody could see him, there he was, walking beside the boy the whole way home. And I am sorry to tell that Eric, instead of saying at once, "Get thee behind me, Satan," let him talk away until at last he actually persuaded him to go off to bed without saying a word to his mother on the subject. His conscience pricked him pretty sharply as his mother bent over him with a good-night kiss and a blessing on her darling boy, and again at family prayer next morning, so that he found it hard work to keep his guilty secret.

But keep it he did, and all through the next day too, although every time he looked at Mr. Patterson his cheeks got very red and his eyes downcast. Once Mr. Patterson beckoned to him and Eric's heart throbbed violently with fear lest the mistake had been discovered, but his kind friend only asked after Mrs. Stewart and hoped she was getting better. The day seemed awfully long to Eric, and many a time he heartily wished he had never seen the hateful bill which was now hidden away securely in a corner of his closet at home.

When Sunday came the unhappy boy felt so miserable over his sin that he would have been glad of any excuse to stay away from Sunday-school; but no excuse turned up, and he had not the courage to invent one. As it happened, the lesson for that day was the sad story of Achan, and Eric's teacher spoke very earnestly to his boys about the "accursed thing." Every word he said went right to wretched little Eric's heart. It seemed as if the lesson was just for him, and for him only, and it was such a relief when the school closed and he could run away from it; but he could not run away from his guilty conscience. That went with him everywhere, and now it was talking to him a good deal more plainly than the tempter had talked on Friday night. The awful words, "accursed thing, accursed thing," rang in his ears and repeated themselves over and over. His heart was as heavy as lead, and all the spring had gone out of his usually jaunty step.

His mother could not help noticing her boy's unhappiness, and not knowing the cause she feared he was feeling ill; but Eric insisted that there was nothing the matter with him. At last he could stand it no longer. It seemed to him that if he kept that dreadful ten-dollar bill he himself, and not the money, would be the "accursed thing." So it came about that as in the dusk of the evening he was sitting with his mother by the fire while she read to him from "Pilgrim's Progress," a book he dearly loved, he greatly surprised her by suddenly bursting into tears and crying bitterly for some time without being able to speak. When he did find words to tell his mother the whole story she was crying too, for it made her very sad to know that her little boy should have yielded to the tempter and fallen into so grievous sin. But in spite of her tears, she felt so glad that Eric had confessed his wrong-doing before being forced to it by some discovery. They had a long talk together that night and Mrs. Stewart not only prayed herself but made Eric pray also to God for his forgiveness. After that he felt somewhat better, and then she showed him that he must tell the one he had deceived all about it, and ask his forgiveness.

The hardest part of it all came next day, when Eric had to go up to Mr. Patterson and with tear-stained face and sob-choked voice put the bill into his hands and confess how wicked he had been. Much to his relief his good friend, instead of blaming him severely, listened to the whole story very kindly and attentively. Not one harsh word did he say, but he asked Eric a good

many questions, and something bright glistened down his cheek more than once as the poor little fellow sobbed out his answers. Before Eric left Mr. Patterson, he felt just as Pilgrim did when that cruel burden he had been bearing rolled off his back and he could make so much better progress, for Mr. Patterson, after giving him some sympathetic words of advice, had granted him his full forgiveness. Then all Eric's trouble vanished, and he went around the Parliament buildings on the hop-skip-and-jump, just to give vent to his feelings of grateful relief. Those horrid accusing words, "accursed thing, accursed thing," did not ring in his ears any longer.

He had passed through the ordeal and God had helped him to win a glorious victory. The lesson of that ordeal he never forgot. Many a time in the years that followed, when temptations beset his path, did those words, "accursed thing, accursed thing," come up in his mind and the memory of that dreadful feeling of guilt give him strength to promptly turn the tempter out.

Mr. Patterson took especial interest in him after that trying confession, and as Eric's character grew in strength, he placed more and more confidence in the boy. He gave him a place in his immense business as office-boy, and in time advanced him to the position of clerk and even to that of cashier. And finally when Mr. Patterson, whose friendship had never failed, growing old and weary of business, offered his favorite clerk a partnership, Eric Stewart, as he brought the glad news

home to his white-haired mother with the saintly face, could not help exclaiming, while tears of joy ran down his face:

"Thank God, mother, for that ten-dollar bill and the lesson it taught me."




UNLESS we take the trouble to study closely for ourselves the ways and manners of the furred and feathered creatures that help so much to make our world attractive and interesting, we are apt to have the idea that everything "comes natural" to them, that they do not have to learn things in the laborious ways in which we must. But a delightful paper on gray squirrels, in "Harper's," tells of the trouble the little mother always had to teach her tiny youngsters to run fearlessly along the tree boughs and to leap from limb to limb, and another observer describes how birds are taught to sing.

It seems that a pretty little wren built a nest for herself on a New Jersey farm in such a position that the occupants of the house could watch

what was going on without disturbing the proceedings. When her downy brood had arrived at the proper age they did not take to singing of their own accord, so she set about teaching them. Placing herself in front of them, as any other music-teacher would, she sang her whole song slowly and distinctly.

One of the little fellows immediately attempted to imitate her, but after getting out a few notes its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The little mother thereupon commenced where the learner had failed, and went very carefully through the remainder. The young one tried again, beginning where it had left off, and continuing as long as it could, and when the notes were once more lost the mother patiently took up the tune and finished it. Then the other resumed where it had broken down, and persevered, until in its turn it reached the end. This accomplished, the mother sang over the whole series of notes from the start with great precision, her pupil following her carefully, and so they kept it up until the little thing had the whole song by heart. The same course was followed with the other occupants of the nest until each one of them had become a perfect songster, and the proud mother's task was finished.

The same point is illustrated by what another observer saw on the seashore one summer afternoon. It was a lovely day, and the tide was gently making its way up the beach, sending glistening wavelets on ahead that advanced and retired with musical murmurings.

Presently a party of callow ducklings came waddling soberly into sight. They were evidently very young, but they had a mind for a swim, and made no doubt of being able to enjoy it on a body of water so large and tempting as the Atlantic Ocean.

With all the dignity of ducks this party went down the beach. They were in no haste. The whole afternoon was before them; the sun was warm; they had just had dinner; and they were ready to enjoy themselves. Just as they reached the water, a gentle wave ran in, lifted the pretty yellow birdlings off their feet, carried them all far up the sand, and then as suddenly retreated, leaving them there high and dry while it rejoined the sea.

The ducklings, not a whit disconcerted by this shabby joke of old Neptune, gathered themselves together and again started down the beach in good order. Again the saucy wavelets came up to meet them, and again they were carefully set down far up the shore.

Were they discouraged by this, or did they go off in a huff at the ocean's aggravating behavior? Not a bit of it! They wanted a swim and a swim they would have. So once more they made the attempt, just as dignified, just as amiable, just as earnest about it as if they had not hitherto been provokingly thwarted. Of course they met the same fate, but as long as the observer had time to watch them, this amusing game went on; the wavelets carrying the ducklings back, and the ducklings renewing the charge patiently and persistently during the long lovely afternoon.

What a wonderful thing is the sense of play in the lower animals! How close it sometimes seems to bring their intelligence to ours! I love to watch two dogs playing chase on a wide lawn. Surely no two boys, however bright they might be, could put more spirit into the performance or get more pure fun out of it. Especially interesting to them is the very thing that children so enjoy, that is, the "make-believe." Why, a couple of clever spaniels will, if not disturbed, keep this up for an hour at a time, as cleverly as it could be done in any nursery.

A remarkable instance of humor is related by Mr. Crosse, the distinguished naturalist. His study window commanded a view of a court-yard which was sheltered by high walls and remote from noises or disturbance of any kind. Happening to look out one day, he saw a large robin engaged in dragging the apparently dead body of another robin round and round in a circle on the pavement. It looked as though the live robin had fought a duel *à outrance* with the other, and having come off victorious was indulging in the cruel triumph of pulling the lifeless body of its vanquished rival over the stones, as Achilles dragged Hector around the walls of Troy. But just as Mr. Crosse had worked out this reasonable conclusion, the live robin suddenly stopped and threw itself upon its back as though stark dead. Its wings were half distended and rigid, and its legs upturned to the sky. Never, to all seeming, had there been a robin more dead than it was. Meanwhile the other robin went through an exactly converse transformation. It

had been only shamming dead, and now woke into full and vigorous life. Seizing on its feathered playmate, it dragged the latter in its turn all around the same circle, and repeated the process several times. Finally both actors flew off together to a neighboring tree, no doubt to rest themselves after their fatiguing game.

Now were not those robins clever little fellows? Who could blame them for having what the Scotch call a "gude conceit o' themselves," when they were capable of getting up such an elaborate bit of make-believe as Mr. Crosse was lucky enough to witness?

Backwoodsmen, who have the best possible opportunities for studying the ways and manners of the wild creatures of the wilderness, tell us that the more carefully we observe them the more human-like we will find them to be.

One who has spent many years among the forests of Ontario avers that he has seen bear babies play, tumble, laugh, and cry, just as our own children do, and that sometimes a whole bear family would greet his eyes as they walked soberly along together, precisely like a family of people going to church.

The same authority assures us that "Brer Bar" does not hesitate to scold in the most natural way possible when his feelings are tried over-much. An old chap that he suddenly encountered in a blueberry patch on a rock, at once made for the other side in great haste, and treading in some loose moss, lost his footing and fell over a cliff nearly twenty feet high, landing with a

bump on the hard stones below. As he got up to continue his flight his tone and remarks sounded decidedly ill-humored and emphatic.

Another time this observer met a year-old bear in the height of the mosquito season. He was walking on three legs and using his spare paw to rub his itching nose, all the while giving utterance to his opinions on the mosquito plague with a force and fervor worthy of an army mule driver with his team hopelessly mired.

Some time ago a big bear took possession of a deserted railway camp at Squaw Hill and held the fort for three years, in spite of being often fired at by men passing on hand-cars or lorries. One evening a French-Canadian cook was crossing a trestle bridge not far from bruin's castle, when he was heard shouting by those behind: "Get away! Get back! Get off!" His companions hurried and found him on the center of the trestle beating two tin plates like cymbals and dancing like a dervish. At the other end of the bridge appeared the cause of his excitement, a huge bear coming at him, stepping steadily from tie to tie.

But for the timely arrival of reinforcements, the consequences of the meeting might have proved serious for Jean Baptiste. As it was, Mr. Bruin decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and with a cross remark effected a reluctant retreat.

A more thrilling encounter was that which took place between the heroic wife of a habitant farmer in Argenteuil County, Quebec, and an enormous bear in the

early part of winter not many years ago. Bears had been very plentiful in the locality, no less than ten having been killed by a single hunter in a week.

One Saturday Madame Leblanc, of La Gare, was hanging out some clothes in the yard behind the house. Her baby was in its cradle playing happily with toys, while another child, a boy eight years old, sat upon the doorstep watching his mother. The father had gone off to the woods. Suddenly the boy rushed toward his mother, crying, "A big dog is coming into the house."

Madame Leblanc turned her head in time to see a big bear disappear through the door.

Bidding her son run up the ladder into the granary and thus get out of danger, the brave woman seized an axe and dashed into the house to face the intruder, now almost upon the cradle. The great creature was bleeding from the shoulder, as if already wounded, and was in a fit humor to fight. Rising upon its hind legs it reared for battle, and a desperate struggle ensued, the woman wielding the keen axe with marvelous skill and inflicting wound after wound. During the conflict the cradle was overturned, and the terrified baby thrown almost under the bear's paws. But before any harm could be done to the little thing, the eight-year-old boy showed that he had his mother's spirit by snatching up the infant and carrying it off up in the granary.

Soon the infuriated beast struck the axe out of his antagonist's hand with one fierce blow, and with another felled her to the ground. Another moment and

he would have torn her to pieces. Happily, however, her frantic cries had been heard by her husband, who was returning home accompanied by two powerful bulldogs. The dogs reached the scene first, and hurling themselves upon the bear made him forget his intended victim until Monsieur Leblanc appeared with his gun and disposed of him by a well-aimed bullet.

On examining the creature's carcass it was found that madame's axe had bitten deep in no less than fifteen places.

There was great excitement at the farm of Mr. Gower Price, in Northumberland country, New Brunswick, one fine March morning; for, while pitching down hay to the hungry cattle, Mr. Price had made a discovery the like of which had certainly never been known in the country-side before. The mow was a big one, and the part he attacked that morning had not previously been disturbed, and there, right in the heart of the hay, curled up as snugly as possible and sleeping the sleep begun at the beginning of the winter, lay a fine black bear.

To say that the worthy farmer was surprised would hardly do justice to his feelings. To the finding of rats and mice in his mows he was quite accustomed, and he knew how to deal with such unbidden guests. But a bear presented an altogether different problem, and not feeling equal to solving it unaided, he called in the assistance of his neighbors. The news of the wonder quickly spread, and soon the spacious barn was filled

with eager visitors, who very gingerly approached the mow and took a peep at this novel "sleeping beauty." Then, of course, they proceeded to advise Mr. Price.

Some said, "Shoot him before he wakes up." Others, of a more adventurous spirit, said: "No; that's not sport. Set the dogs on him, and let us have some fun." But a shrewd old hunter, who knew the value of a live bear in the market, gave better counsel still. "He won't wake up for another fortnight," he said, "and before then I'll come over and tie him up with ropes, so that he can't hurt himself or any one else. Then we'll put him in a cage, and when he's in condition again he'll sell for a good sum."

This was what Mr. Price did. When "Brer Bar," as Uncle Remus would call him, awoke out of his long nap, it was to find himself bound beyond all possibility of breaking free, and two months later, looking his very best, after being well fed and cared for, he was sent to the United States, where, perhaps, at this moment he is one of the chief attractions of some menagerie.

An organ grinder who was traveling through the West of England, accompanied by a tame brown bear, which he had trained to dance, stopped at a farmhouse late one afternoon, and after greatly amusing the family by his performance—for his organ was a fine one, and the bear very docile and intelligent—he had no difficulty in obtaining permission to stay all night. He himself was given a bed in the boys' room, but his furry companion had to be content with a snug corner in the barn.

A little after midnight there came such alarming noises from the barn, which was only a few paces away, as to awaken everbody in the house. Frantic shrieks of "Help! Help!! Murder!!" and sounds as of a strong man struggling desperately for dear life, issued upon the still night air.

Hurriedly drawing on some clothes, the farmer snatched up a lantern and, followed by the organ grinder, hastened to the barn. On the doors being thrown open, the rays of the lantern revealed a large man engaged in a furious wrestling match with the bear, from whose mighty embrace he was vainly endeavoring to escape. As the bear was muzzled and had no claws to speak of, his victim stood in no great danger of serious injury, but his position was alarming enough notwithstanding, and he implored the farmer to come to his rescue.

Divining, however, that this midnight visitor's mission was a dishonest one, for which he deserved to be well punished, the organ-grinder called out to his pet, "Hug him, Jack! hug him!" and the bear, evidently enjoying the sport, continued to squeeze the man unmercifully, until the farmer, thinking the rogue had suffered sufficiently, got the bear's owner to command his release.

It turned out that bruin's captive was a rascally butcher who had come to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he stumbled over the bear, and was at once made prisoner. The farmer was so delighted at the animal's conduct that in the morning he feasted him

upon the best in the larder, and gave his master a sovereign as he was leaving.

Some men engaged in lobster fishing on the Irish coast were witnesses of a struggle, the like of which perhaps is not on record. As they rowed along the shore their ears caught sounds of battle coming from the top of a steep hill, at whose base they floated, and they could not at first make out the character of the combatants, until presently the frantic squealing of a cat made the case plain to them.

A prowling cat, out bird-hunting maybe, had been hunted in turn by a big eagle, and was now battling for its life.

A moment later the eagle rose into the air holding the cat fast in its talons, although the feathers fell from its breast in a way that showed the fight was far from being one-sided. Up, up, up, soared the combatants, the caterwauling of pussy and the scattering of the plumage continuing until the two creatures were but one dim speck in the sky. Just at that moment they parted company, and instantly the cat came shooting down through the still air with frightful velocity, now gathered up into a ball, then stretched out at full length. The eagle followed much more slowly, its outspread pinions serving to buoy it up, although it apparently made no effort to use them.

Determined to see the end of the strange affair, the fishermen landed and hastened to the top of the hill. There they found the eagle dead, with its breast so

terribly torn by pussy's pitiless claws that the very bones were exposed. But the cat, where was she? Not a sign of her could be discovered; not even anything to indicate the spot where she struck after her fearful fall. She had shown herself more than a match for the king of birds, and she may have survived a tumble that would certainly have killed any other creature without wings.

Divers meet many curious things when down below, and have many startling experiences too. The boy who longs to be a diver would probably be quite cured of his notion by just ten minutes of what divers sometimes have to see and do. Covered with copper, rubber, and lead, until one weighs more than two ordinary men, down he goes into the shadowy recesses of the deep, where he remains for perhaps hours at a time. In the northern waters the horrible octopus lies darkly in wait for him, ready at the first opportunity to encircle him with its long, clammy tentacles, whose strength almost surpasses belief; and farther south the shark draws dangerously near; while in all waters fish large and small gather around him in curious, excited throngs, ofttimes filling him with apprehension lest some of them should take a fancy to nip at the air tube upon which his life depends.

A thrilling struggle between two divers and a devil-fish, or octopus, of great size took place in the harbor of Vancouver, British Columbia. The big main by which the city is supplied with water from the eternal

snows of the Coast Range, crosses the narrows at the mouth of the harbor, and the steamer "Abyssinian," coming in heavily laden at low tide, struck this main with her propeller, breaking the pipe in two. Two expert divers named Llewelyn and Hardy were directed to make the necessary repairs. On reaching the bottom in their diving suits they were considerably startled to find a huge octopus lying directly over the break in the pipe. Its dreadful tentacles were extended in all directions, and through the clear, cold water its eyes could be seen glowing with horrible malignity from among the folds of its shapeless body.

Determined not to be daunted, even by so fearful a monster, the divers advanced to the attack, the one armed with a long crow-bar, the other with a heavy hammer. Reaching out its snake-like tentacles, the devil-fish sought to enfold the daring men, but the slippery diving suits prevented it from getting a good hold, and they broke away from its repulsive grasp without much difficulty.

Emboldened by this they pushed to close quarters and dealt blow after blow at the hideous creature, while it writhed and struggled and, without yielding ground, endeavored to enwrap its plucky assailants in its deadly embrace. The strange fight continued until at length Hardy managed to get near enough to plunge his crow-bar right in the center of the infuriated monster and to repeat the thrust again and again. The struggle soon ceased, and in a few minutes it was merely an inert mass of ugliness.

Returning to their boat for a rope, the divers made fast the carcass and towed it up to the city. On examination it was found that the body of the devil-fish was as large as a big washtub, and not less than two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, while the tentacles ranged in length from ten to thirty feet. The stomach was full of fish and crabs and the remains of shell fish. The divers, naturally, were the heroes of the hour and had good reason to congratulate themselves upon having come so brilliantly out of their battle with one of the most appalling inhabitants of the sea.

# BRIGHT-EYES



I HAD a good many pets in my boyhood days, but none of them ever filled the place in my heart that Bright-eyes did. It was quite by accident that I came across him. I had gone with my father to market, and while he was busy buying berries and vegetables from the market women, my roving eyes caught sight of something that at first looked like a brown rat in a cage held by a countryman on the other side of the street. Of course I hurried over to see what it was, and much to my delight it proved to be a beautiful red squirrel, with a pair of the brightest, prettiest eyes in the world, and a tail that was simply superb. The countryman seeing my interest, asked me if I didn't want to buy the squirrel. "He is perfectly tame," he said, and opening the door, little bushy-tail immediately sprang out, and running up on the man's shoulder, looked down on me so roguishly that I felt as though I must own him. Just then my father came along, and I begged him to buy the squirrel for me.

"Tut-tut!" he objected; "what do you want with a squirrel? You would get tired of it in a week."

"Indeed I wouldn't," pleaded I earnestly. "Just see what a beauty he is, and how cute! No fear of my getting tired of him."

We were right in front of the countryman now, and the squirrel, as if understanding what I had said, looked full at me, and the next moment sprang fearlessly upon my shoulder, whence he quickly scrambled down into my coat pocket, where I happened to have a bit of apple.

This settled the matter. Yielding to my entreaties, my father paid the price asked, and presently I was trudging homeward the happiest boy in all the town, carrying my prize in the cage, which had been purchased with him. Thus little Bright-eyes, as he was at once named, became an inmate of our household, where he gave us great delight and amusement for many months.

It is a very rare thing for a red squirrel to become thoroughly tame, and we were correspondingly proud of our pet. The secret of his perfect fearlessness was that he belonged to a litter of baby squirrels which had been found by a farmer's son in an old tree, and taken into the house, where they were brought up in the constant presence of people, and consequently lost all fear of them. At first we kept him most of the time in his cage, but little by little he was allowed greater liberty, until after a while he really spent more time running at large than shut up.

He had just come to his full growth and was in perfect condition, his fur being as smooth and soft as satin, his eyes as bright as diamonds, and his tail, which curled over his shiny back in fine style, round, thick, and bushy enough to satisfy anybody. A more interesting pet I never had or saw. One could watch him by the hour without growing weary of his antics. Creeping carefully along the mantelpiece, or leaping recklessly from chair to table and from table to chair again ; tearing across the carpet at the top of his speed, or scampering over the oilcloth with his sharp little toe-nails making such a pattering that you might imagine there were half a dozen of him ; chattering with delight when he got hold of something to his fancy, or scolding like a fish-wife because he could not get into the sideboard, where, as he knew right well, the apples and nuts were kept ; as full of fun and frolic as any kitten, and ten times more knowing—there is not room to tell one-half of his "tricks and his manners."

Bright-eyes seemed to have no preferences among the household, nor, indeed, to make any great distinction between members of the family and visitors. All were his friends alike. Tiny as was his body, it held a heart big enough to take in all the world. Sometimes the readiness with which he enlarged his circle of acquaintance was rather startling to the visitors, as when, for instance, he would come quietly into the drawing room where my mother was receiving callers, leap suddenly up into a lady's lap and then spring to her shoulder or even to the top of her bonnet. This he

did so often, and with such success in evoking screams, that we began to suspect him of enjoying the diversion he created. But perhaps this was giving him credit for a little more wit than he really possessed.

Dogs and cats were, of course, the terror of his life, and he had several narrow escapes from both. Once I almost gave him up for lost. He happened to be in my pocket when I went to the front door to see a friend, and becoming frightened at my friend's big setter, Bright-eyes foolishly ran into the street instead of into the house. The dog immediately made hot chase after him, while I frantically pursued the dog, full of fear as to the result. Fortunately, however, the squirrel, before going very far, dodged into a corner so narrow that his burly enemy could not follow and I rescued him uninjured.

When studying at my desk I used to allow him to play freely about until he developed such a fondness for putting his nose and fore paws into the ink bottle and then scampering all over the place, leaving his autograph on everything he touched, that I was compelled to banish him from the room.

He generally had the run of the sitting room during the evening and was put in his cage before we went to bed. He very decidedly disliked being shut up, and would often hide just before the time came, so that it would be quite a job to hunt him out. As a rule he was found, but several times he succeeded in eluding our search, and as sure as he did, about an hour after all were in bed and the house wrapped in silence,

Bright-eyes' little feet would be heard pit-pattering over the hall oilcloth, up the stairs, and about the rooms, until somebody took him into bed, where he would snooze peacefully until morning. It was just in this way that my poor little pet lost his life.

There was no difficulty in feeding Master Bright-eyes. Apples and nuts were, I need hardly say, the joy of his life, but a crust of bread was not despised, and many other things were thankfully accepted. It was a charming sight to watch him sitting up primly on the table with a bit of apple or a nut kernel in his paws, and eating it as daintily as any lady, every now and then pausing to chatter his thanks.

Once he had a very narrow escape from death. It happened in this way. He had climbed into a drawer of the sideboard, and when I went after him he tried to escape by creeping out at the back. Unfortunately there was not room even for his small body between the top of the drawer and its casing, and in pulling out the drawer the breath was completely squeezed out of the poor little chap. He was quite limp and apparently dead ; but hoping for the best, I laid him on his back in the palm of my hand and gently stroked his breast. Soon he began to revive, and in a few minutes delighted us all by being as lively as ever.

The next time, alas ! he did not fare so well. None of us knew just how it occurred ; but one cold morning in late autumn our darling little Bright-eyes was found dead, beyond all hope of reviving, in the bed which my youngest brother and myself shared. He

had been left out of his cage when we went to bed, and no doubt some time during the night had pattered upstairs in his usual way, climbed on our bed, crept in between us, where he knew right well it would be deliciously warm, and then by some movement made by one of us his little life had been crushed out without our even knowing of the calamity.

# The Puppy in the Hen & the Big Dog.



I WOULD not put the faith of my readers to the test by telling them the following story, did I not have it upon no less trustworthy authority than the word of a presiding elder of the Methodist church of Canada, who spoke from the standpoint of an eye-witness.

When Dr. Williams' boys were going to school, they were, like all other boys, very fond of dogs, and held in joint ownership a fine brown spaniel, which showed more than ordinary intelligence. A friend offered them a cute little setter pup ; but on asking their father's permission to adopt it, he refused, on the ground that one dog was enough, and he did not wish to have any more about.

The boys, however, instead of accepting his refusal as final, brought the puppy home and hid it away in the henhouse, in the hope that the parental opposition might be overborne in some way, and by a happy chance their hope was fulfilled.

The chill autumn air made the little puppy feel very uncomfortable, and he wailed so piteously and persistently that at last the boys slipped him into one of the box nests arranged for the hens to deposit their eggs in, hoping that he would be warmer there, and that, at all events, his cries would not make themselves heard.

The morning after this was done they rushed into their father's study, crying out: "Father, come here, quick!"

Dr. Williams promptly responded to the call, and what he saw well repaid him for being thus disturbed in the middle of sermon preparation.

The boys had started to the henhouse early to see their new treasure, but while still at a distance had discovered a visitor before them. They had cautiously remained still at a distance and watched a sight which made them almost doubt their own eyes.

The puppy had been whimpering so vigorously as to attract the attention and awaken the sympathy of the big dog, who had thereupon done his best to get into the nest to comfort the little fellow. But the opening was altogether too small to allow of this. It was then that he formed a scheme to meet the situation that would have done credit to an intellect of a higher order than a dog's.

One of the hens was loitering about in a purposeless way. The spaniel deftly caught her by the neck, and dragged her over to the nest in which the puppy was shivering and complaining. He then sought to push her into the opening. So gently was he holding her,

however, that she broke away from him. But he soon secured her again, and despite her noisy protests, brought her back to the nest. Now his sagacity revealed itself in its fullest extent. He had no hands to shove the unwilling bird inside ; but, keeping a good hold upon her neck with his teeth, he cleverly crowded her in with his body, pushing firmly but gently, and doing her not the slightest harm, until at last success crowned his efforts.

Before this one of the boys had suddenly thought that if his father could only see this clever performance by the big dog his heart would surely be softened toward the little stranger, and so they had both run at top speed for their father, bringing him to the spot in time to see the big dog's last and successful attempt.

Now was not that a most remarkable chain of reasoning for a dog? The puppy was cold. He would gladly have cuddled it up to his own warm breast had he been able, but he could not get in to it, and it had not sense enough to come out to him. It was in the hen's nest. If the hen were there she would cover it with her wings, and protect it from the cold. Then it was only necessary to put the hen into the nest, and the puppy would be comforted ; a conclusion no sooner arrived at than carried into execution.

The hen scarcely seemed disposed to meet the big dog's expectations, but that did not matter, as the boys could restrain their enthusiasm no longer and quickly sent her squawking away in order to comfort the puppy themselves and pet and praise the dog who seemed

pleased at the turn affairs had taken and watched the puppy's fortunes with benevolent eyes and wagging tail.

It is hardly necessary to add that after so strange and touching a manifestation of interest on the part of the dog, the opposition on the part of the father was withdrawn, and the little puppy admitted into the family circle.

# Mooley to the Rescue



WE were accustomed to spend the hot midsummer months at Britannia, a pretty little village near the foot of big Lake Deschenes, where we were lulled to sleep at night by the soft splashing of the water and the never-ceasing roar of the rapids, whose sound was borne to us by the cool breezes off the broad bosom of the lake.

Twice every day there passed before our cottage a long procession of cows, headed by one wearing a big bronze bell at her neck, which insured that she should "have music wherever she goes," although of a somewhat monotonous character. The cows were going to

or returning from the island, as it was called, a tract of land at the foot of the rapids, which, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, afforded abundant and succulent pasturage even in days of drought, when the uplands were burned brown.

These cows needed no herdsman. When milking time came they never failed to report themselves, and it was very interesting to see them, about five o'clock in the afternoon, actuated by the common purpose of being relieved of their burden of milk, gather together from the different parts of the island, and then move on to the village, where each went to her own stable.

In early summer, when the descent of the "north waters" causes the river Ottawa to rise high above its ordinary level, Lake Deschenes, which is only an expansion of the river, rises also, and there is then a rushing stream between the island and the mainland, which has to be crossed by the cows. They do not mind it in the least, however, swimming to and fro as if they were to the "manner born."

One spring, just when the water was at its height, the Whitton cow one day found herself in possession of the dearest little calf in the world, a regular beauty, as she proudly flattered herself; and not feeling very strong that afternoon, she decided to stay over night on the island, instead of going back with the others.

But when the time for the general movement came, her brown-and-white baby, instead of staying by her side like a dutiful son, attached himself to the Murphy cow and joined the homeward procession. His mother,

too weak to follow, entreated him to return to her, but the willful little chap persisted in proceeding and presently the procession came to the rushing stream, into which the old cows plunged without hesitation.

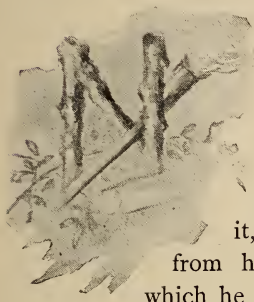
The calf, taking it for granted that what was good for his elders was good likewise for him, plunged in also. But alas ! he soon discovered his error, and had reason to repent of his rashness. The cold water chilled him to the heart, and his weak little legs could do nothing against the turbulent torrent. He was in imminent peril of a watery grave, and in his extremity he bleated pitifully for help.

He did not cry in vain. The Murphy cow, to whom he had attached himself, had by this time got half-way across, but on hearing his piteous wail she turned about to see what was the matter. With wonderful sagacity she took in the situation at a glance. She did not waste time in scolding the calf for his folly, but plowing her way through the water to him, put her broad nose underneath his stomach, and lifting him up upon it, bore him safely back to his starting point, where, by shoving him ashore, she intimated as plainly as possible that he should get back to his mother as quickly as his trembling legs would carry him.

The mother's anxious call was still coming from the copse where she lay unable to look after her errant baby, and responding to it with a comical cry, half whimper, half shout of rejoicing, the little creature shambled back a wetter and a wiser calf, to tell his troubled parent all about his thrilling experience.

Now it seems to me that the Murphy cow surely deserved some recognition at the hands of the Royal Humane Society, and if a medal should appear inappropriate, perhaps a bell of more than ordinary sonorousness and sweetness, and suitably engraved, would be a fitting testimonial.



NO one was more fully aware of Arthur Bronson's shy, sensitive nature than he was himself; certainly no one deplored it more deeply than he did. Indeed, there were times when he resented it, as though it was something apart from himself, a troublesome trait with which he ought not, in common fairness, to have been endowed. Hardly a day passed that he did not lament with more or less bitterness, according to the importance of the incident, the quick mounting of the blood to his cheek at some personal remark made by one of his companions in a jesting or teasing way, or the sudden silence that fell upon his lips just when he ought to have been ready with a bright retort.

He could not help feeling, moreover, that his reserved, taciturn ways seriously interfered with his attaining that popularity among his playmates for which his heart secretly hungered. How he envied Charlie Forrest, of the blonde curls and blue eyes, whose frank manner and merry laugh made everybody his friend.

Not that he was looked upon by the boys of Archfield with any feeling of aversion or contempt. He had long ago shown himself as plucky as any of them in the face of danger and as apt as the majority at their different games. But he knew very well that, while welcome enough as a companion in sport, he was never admitted into the inner circle of their friendship ; and this fact was a sore grief to him, especially as he could not see his way to any improvement of the situation.

This same shy self-consciousness had been a source of difficulty and concern to him in another way. Carefully trained at home to be always steadfast for the right, and naturally preferring those things that were pure and peaceable and of good report to their opposites, however enticing they might seem, he nevertheless had little knowledge of vital religion until, when he was well on in his teens, there came to Archfield an evangelist of note, whose burning words set Arthur's heart on fire and stirred his soul to its very depths. He seemed to wake up from a sleep of selfish indifference and to realize as never before his responsibilities. His conscience cried out against him and gave him no peace, calling upon him to obey the admonition, "Go, work in my vineyard."

But how was he to work? What could he do with his faltering tongue, his humiliating shyness? "I cannot take any part in Christian work," he would say to himself in one of the many dialogues between duty and disinclination that were continually taking place. "I have no fitness for it whatever. If I were to try to

say something at the social meeting, or to talk religion with one of the boys, I simply couldn't do it. My tongue would stick in my mouth and I'd only just make a fool of myself, I'm sure. Now there's Charlie Forrest—it wouldn't be any trouble to him to take part in the meeting, or even to talk to any of us about religion. He doesn't know what it means to be nervous as I do."

Whether Arthur was wholly correct in his estimate of Charlie or not, was of no particular consequence; since, however he might try to argue with himself, it did not in the slightest degree bear upon the question as to what he ought to do. The evangelist had laid great stress upon the exceeding importance of all those who had been benefited by the special services entering without delay into active work in connection with the church which they attended. The Master was always in need of helpers, and none who wished to please him should withhold their aid.

In order to put to good use the energies and talents of the young people who had joined the Archfield Church as a result of the evangelist's labors, a young people's society had been established, in which the pastor took a very keen interest. At first Arthur had held aloof, although pressed to join. He felt reluctant to commit himself even to that extent. Every one who joined the society was, he knew, expected to do something toward its spiritual prosperity, and he could not make up his mind to undertake anything of the kind.

As a natural consequence, he fell into a very miserable state of mind. He hardly knew which of the two he envied the most: Andrew Allan, the secretary of the society, whose whole heart seemed full of love for religious work, who looked as though he was the happiest boy in Archfield, and found more delight in the meetings of the church than in a baseball match; or Charlie Forrest, to whom religion seemed a subject of no concern whatever, and who laughed and joked in his merry way at the very idea of his ever taking part in Christian work.

Certainly, either the enthusiasm of the one or the gay carelessness of the other seemed infinitely preferable to his morbid moping, which led nowhere but to deeper despondency.

Matters were in this state when, one Sunday evening, Arthur's pastor preached a sermon that the boy felt had a special meaning for himself. The text was taken from the first chapter of John's Gospel and contained only three words, viz., "Philip findeth Nathanael." Upon the incident to which they referred, the preacher based a very earnest and moving address on the importance and influence of personal work. The line of argument was that the very best way in which Christ's followers could prove their gratitude for the great salvation they had obtained through him and their appreciation of its blessedness, was to make it known to others and to do all they could to "find" their friends, as Philip had found Nathanael, in order to tell him of his wonderful discovery.

Arthur saw the point very clearly and made no attempt to disguise from himself how directly the sermon applied.

"I know I ought at least to try," he said to himself, as he walked home alone from the church, pondering deeply over what he had heard. "I've never yet done anything. But," he went on, with a despairing shake of the head, "what's the use? I'd only make a fool of myself, and they'd be sure to laugh at me."

It was not really lack of gratitude to God, he argued, that kept him back; it was lack of confidence in himself. He had too much modesty. Now if he were only possessed of a little more conceit he could, without difficulty, pluck up sufficient courage to do the duty that he felt to be laid upon him.

But these arguments gave him no comfort. The pressure upon his heart grew heavier, and not lighter; until at last it seemed as though he could bear it no longer, and on his knees one morning he pledged himself to seize the first opportunity of speaking a word for the Master. No sooner had he done this than the burden on his mind grew wonderfully lighter, and not only so, but he felt a degree of courage that he had never known before. If this new state of feelings continued the task would not be difficult after all.

Now, was it a mere accident, or was it in accordance with the decree of Providence, that the first one to cross Arthur's path when he went forth with this newborn purpose inspiring him, was Charlie Forrest? As bright and fresh as the morning itself, he came up

to Arthur and gave him a hearty clap on the back, saying: "Hello, Arty! what's the good word this morning?"

Arthur gave a sudden start and blushed up to the roots of his hair. Charlie Forrest was certainly the very last one of his companions that he wanted to meet just then, for how could he keep his pledge by speaking to him? So confused was he that he could not for a moment make any reply, and Charlie asked in some surprise:

"Anything the matter this morning, Arty?"

With an effort Arthur managed to stammer: "N—no, there's nothing the matter; but you gave me a sort of a start coming up so suddenly when I was thinking about something."

"A penny for your thoughts," cried Charlie gayly, little imagining what those thoughts were.

Here now was Arthur's opportunity, and summoning up all his courage he determined to embrace it. In a hesitating way he asked:

"Did your hear Mr. Carson's sermon last Sunday night?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, with an inquiring glance at his companion. "It was a good one, wasn't it?"

Arthur grew bolder at this encouraging answer.

"I thought it hit me pretty hard," he said, looking into the other's face.

"How's that?" queried Charlie, with interest.

With a freedom of utterance that was a surprise to both himself and his listener, Arthur then proceeded

to tell what had been passing through his mind, and the resolution which had been the result of it all. While he spoke the expression of Charlie's countenance changed from that of mere friendly curiosity to a serious attention that was rare in his handsome face. Beyond a doubt Arthur's words were making a deep impression upon him, and when the latter ceased speaking, he laid his hand in an affectionate way upon his shoulder, saying in a gentle tone :

"And so I am to be your Nathanael, Arthur? I don't know my Bible as well as I ought, and when I go home I'll look up that text and read the whole story for myself, and then we'll have another talk about it."

It was a great surprise to Charlie to have quiet, reserved Arthur speak to him on such a subject as religion, and it was even more of a surprise to Arthur to find his hesitating overtures met in so kindly and serious a manner. He had looked for careless jesting and perhaps ridicule ; and instead he had received an attentive hearing and the promise that what he had said would be thought over and talked about again.

"What a ninny I was to be so frightened about speaking to my friends ! " soliloquized Arthur, after the two boys had parted. "Why, there ! I've just been doing it to the one I thought hardest of all to say anything to, and just see how nice he was about it ! "

The few words spoken in fear and trembling proved a falling of seed into good ground. Underneath his gay indifference Charlie had been hiding very different feelings. Out of curiosity he had attended one of the

evangelist's meetings, and what he heard there had been so disturbing that he would not go again.

He could not however, simply by staying away, quiet the voice that had been aroused within him, and although perhaps no one would ever have guessed it, his days were full of troubled thoughts which he strove to banish by more energetic merry-making. He had, indeed, just reached that point when a word fitly spoken might prove the turning point of his life ; and it was a little strange and yet the fact, that in all Archfield there was no one from whom that word could have come with more force than from Arthur Bronson.

Deep in his heart Charlie felt a sincere respect for the reserved, retiring boy who, nevertheless, was so courageous or skillful when courage or skill were required. He felt full confidence in Arthur's profession of religion, and was far readier to listen to him than even to Mr. Carson, although the minister was anything but a bugbear to the young people of the place.

Charlie and Arthur had other talks upon the subject, as the result of which the former, before long, followed Arthur's example in becoming a member of the young people's society and of the church. He threw all his influence upon its side, soon earning for himself Mr. Carson's praise for being his best recruiting sergeant.

And thus Arthur's first attempt to follow in the footsteps of Philip led to blessed consequences far outreaching his expectations, and in after years he found cheer and fresh inspiration by looking back to that morning when he first burst the bonds of silence.



# Hold on, Harold!

JOE HIMMELMAN had fallen into a very despondent and unhappy state of mind, at which fact, however, no one acquainted with the circumstances of his life would be likely to feel any surprise. The world had not gone well with Joe. The fates had been unkind to him, as the saying is. As far back as his memory went, there was little or nothing of an encouraging nature to recall. To use one of his own phrases, it might with truth be said that he had not been given a "fair show" from the start.

His mother, of whom he had faint but very fond memories, died when he was still a little urchin in short frocks and his father, after a decent interval of waiting, had married again. The second Mrs. Himmelman was a stout, red-faced, quick-tempered, bustling woman, not unkind at heart, but intensely occupied with her own children and the affairs of the household, and finding no time and little patience for her stepson, whose

slow ways and slower speech were a constant source of irritation to her.

Poor Joe ought to have had a champion in his father, but the fact was that Mrs. Himmelman number two had him entirely under her influence, and he never ventured the slightest protest, even when the boy was obviously being treated with undeserved severity.

When Joe grew old enough to wield an axe and carry a bucket, he became the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the house, and his energetic stepmother allowed him scant margin for play or any other form of recreation. His lot, from a boy's point of view, was bitter indeed, and its effect upon his mind was to make him seem duller and slower every year that passed.

Not even at school had he deliverance from the taunts and flaunts which made him miserable at home, for there he proved himself a very unsatisfactory pupil, and the teacher, knowing it was a perfectly safe proceeding in Joe's case, for he had no one to take his part, amused himself and the scholars by making the poor boy the butt of his wit, which was none the less aggravating because of its manifest poverty.

It seemed that only a single ray of sunshine brightened his life, and that came from one of the smallest boys in the school, by name, Harold McKean, the son of the most important and influential merchant in the village. This Harold had a tender heart, and although Joe was four years his senior, and as many inches taller and many pounds heavier. his sympathy for the poor

fellow's hard lot made him desirous of alleviating it in some way, and he began to be helpful by showing a friendliness toward him that Joe, as soon as he found it was genuine and concealed no cruel trick, heartily appreciated. The other boys were quick to see the comical side of such a companionship, which indeed resembled that between a Newfoundland dog and a fox terrier.

They were in many ways well adapted to supplement each other's deficiencies. What Harold lacked in size and strength he made up in quickness of wits and agility of body, while Joe's muscles were always ready to accomplish what was beyond the other's powers. Not only so, but Harold, without in the least imagining it, exerted a moral influence over Joe that was distinctly beneficial. His marked preference for the hitherto despised society of the big lad awoke the latter's latent self-respect. He began to entertain a somewhat improved opinion of himself, which is always a good thing to have.

The friendship had been of a year's standing when it came about that Joe should have a chance of showing how dear his companion was to him, in a way that neither of them had ever expected. The village where they lived stretched its single street beside the Mahone River, and the advent of winter was always eagerly anticipated by the boys, because a fortnight's skating could generally be enjoyed before the snow came to cover up the river's icy breastplate.

The winter in which the event about to be described

took place, began in just the right way to delight the boys' hearts, namely, with a hard frost that in twenty-four hours froze the river over firmly from shore to shore. Now this frost came so suddenly and with such unlooked for vigor as to catch even so experienced a navigator as Captain Levi Corkum napping, so to speak. His schooner, the taut and trim "Sea Slipper," was lying at Mr. McKean's wharf, getting in her last load of pickled fish, and he had counted on a few days more of open water, when saucy Jack Frost had the impertinence to offer a veto upon his plans.

Happily, however, the worthy skipper was not easily daunted, and before the ice had time to get too thick, he hurriedly completed preparations for the voyage, and then set all his crew and himself to work cutting a canal through which the schooner might be worked out into the open water beyond. This "icing out," as it is called, proved successful. The "Sea Slipper" before nightfall shook herself free from her crystal fetters and bowled away merrily to her destination, while the canal was left to freeze up again as fast as it might, there being no further use for it.

By morning the frost king had done much to repair the damage wrought in his handiwork. The opening was completely frozen over, and only the roughness of its surface distinguished it from the rest of the ice. At the noon recess the schoolboys made for the river in a body, and were soon skating or sliding gleefully over its glistening surface. Harold had a fine pair of spring skates which he knew how to use very well, but Joe had

to content himself with sliding, for which his heavy hob-nailed boots were not especially adapted.

At first the boys carefully avoided the rough ice where the passage had been made for the schooner, but as soon as their spirits rose they became less cautious, and several of them ventured out upon it without breaking in, although it cracked ominously under their feet. Among those who essayed this foolish feat was the bully of the school, Ben Wade by name, and it happened that just as he got safely back Harold McKean came up.

"There, Harry," called Ben exultingly, "try that, if you dare!"

Harold's eyes flashed and his face flushed at this challenge, for there was something in Wade's tone which implied that in his opinion there was little chance of its acceptance.

"Of course I dare," he retorted promptly, "and I'll do more than you did; I'll go clear across."

So saying he drew off a few yards and then made a dart for the dangerous spot, knowing well that the greater his speed the better his chance of getting safely over. At this moment Joe, who had been some distance behind, came lumbering up, and seeing what his friend was about to attempt called out in tones of alarmed entreaty:

"Come back, Harold, come back! That ice won't bear you."

But he was too late to stop the rash boy, who redoubled his efforts as he heard the ice crack at every stroke, and who had almost gained the solid ice beyond

when there was a crash, a cry of terror, and in a moment he had vanished from sight through a gaping chasm in which the black water swirled and surged.

Appalled at the accident, his playmates gathered as close as they dared to the edge of the new ice, and bent forward with eager, anxious eyes, gazing at the break where their companion had disappeared. Not one of them ventured to make any attempt at helping the imperilled boy, whose head now appeared in the midst of the slippery fragments.

But Joe, as he saw that his friend had succeeded in grasping the edge of a cake, thus keeping himself above water, shouted at the top of his voice, "Hold on, Harold! I'm coming to you!" and sprang out upon the ice that bent and cracked beneath his weight.

At the sound of his voice Harold turned toward him, and his face lit up with hope.

"Hold on tight, Harold!" Joe shouted again; and just at that moment the treacherous ice gave way under his feet, and down he went, amidst cries of consternation from the other boys.

But he did not disappear. Throwing out his arms to their full extent, he checked his descent by grasping the ice on either side, and then without attempting to get upon it again he forced his way through it to Harold. By a tremendous effort he succeeded in getting a good grip upon a large ice cake and thrusting his foot out toward Harold until the latter was able to seize it with both hands, he cried: "Now, hold on, Harold, and you'll be all right."

The terrified boy did hold on with the energy of one who knew life was at stake, and the ice cake proving unequal to the support of the double weight was about to sink beneath the water, when happily there appeared on the scene, just in the nick of time, two men bearing planks which they thrust out over the broken ice, so that Joe, letting go of the cake, was able to grasp one of them and be drawn, together with his companion, back to safety.

Assistance had come not a moment too soon, for poor little Harold was unconscious when lifted out of the chilling water, and Joe himself could hardly stand upon his feet. But they were both hurried away to warm blankets and reviving cordials, and ere long had entirely recovered from their icy bath.

Great, of course, was the gratitude of Harold and his parents for Joe's gallant rescue, and loud were the praises of the people when they learned of the exploit. Not one of them had ever imagined Joe Himmelman capable of such heroism, and their plaudits were all the more hearty on that account.

It was wonderful, the difference this affair made in Joe's life. Not only did it cement more strongly the friendship between himself and Harold, not only did it win for him an influential benefactor in Mr. McKean, who took no small pains to improve his circumstances, not only did it secure him the respect of those who had formerly laughed at him, but it wrought a marked revolution in the boy's own mind. He no longer despised himself. He no longer felt as if life was not worth

living. He had proven himself good for something, and what he had done once he could do again. This was the keynote to which his life thereafter was set. The older he grew the more earnestly he strove to do what he saw to be his duty. Figuratively speaking, those words of hope and cheer, "Hold on, Harold!" came often from his lips, and proved of vital service to those who were exposed to sore temptation and who by his sympathy and aid were brought back to a firm footing in the path of righteousness.

# The False Test and the True



THE BOYS had finished the preparation of their lessons for the morrow, and with lightened hearts had drawn their chairs up to the fire for a little chat before going to bed. So interesting did they find the subject of their talk that their voices rose until they attracted the attention of their father reading in his arm-chair at the other end of the room, and he dropped his paper to listen. He could not help a smile of mingled amusement and sympathy when he caught the drift of their discussion.

The popular craze for pugilistic encounter had reached its height, and the sporting columns of the newspapers overflowed with detailed accounts of thinly disguised prize fights. As a matter of course, the little world of the schoolboys emulated the bigger world of the business men in its interest in these brutalizing contests of the modern gladiators, and even went farther, for it in-

dulged in realistic imitations of the struggles for supremacy between the "featherweights," "middleweights," and "heavyweights" respectively.

At Aylmer Academy, which the boys attended, matters had gone pretty far in this direction without the masters becoming aware of it. Several fiercely fought battles had taken place, when one day Bill Bennett, a tall, sinewy, scrawny lad, with a sullen, truculent visage, who was the recognized bully of the school, challenged Arthur Howard, who was the recognized *dux*, to fight him for the championship.

Arthur politely but firmly refused, even though Bill sought to force an issue by giving him what the boys call the "cowardly blow," and his refusal had set his companions' tongues a-wagging at a wonderful rate.

Jack and Walter Perley were doing their share of the discussion as they sat by the fire, and seemed quite agreed as to the humiliation of Arthur Howard's position.

"I can't make him out," said Jack earnestly, as though reluctant to believe the worst of the recalcitrant. "I never thought him a bit of a coward, and yet how could he take the cowardly blow from that hateful Bill Bennett and not fight him?"

"That's so," assented Walter, who also admired Arthur and disliked Bennett. "Now if Bill hadn't hit him it mightn't matter so much, but after that he's bound to fight him."

"Who's bound to fight, boys?" inquired Mr. Perley, coming over from his end of the room and looking

down into the earnest faces, which flushed before his gaze and showed distinct signs of perturbation. "Tell me all about it," he continued, noticing their confusion; "I'm feeling quite curious."

Seeing no way out of the dilemma, the boys told the whole story, and when they had finished, Mr. Perley said in a meaning tone:

"And so you think Arthur must be a coward because he won't fight Bill Bennett just to settle the point as to which is the biggest bruiser of the two. Let me tell you a story that perhaps will lead you to take another view of Arthur Howard's conduct than you have just committed yourselves to."

The boys pricked up their ears and drew their chairs closer to the one in which Mr. Perley had seated himself.

"You have often heard me speak of your great-grandfather," he began, "and you remember that he was in the British Navy. At the age of eighteen he became sub-lieutenant in the fine frigate 'Gryphon,' then forming part of the squadron guarding the West Indies from the fleets of Napoleon. The misnamed 'code of honor' held sway in those days and duels were of frequent occurrence. Captain Pinkem, of the 'Gryphon,' had been 'out' half a dozen times himself, and his officers were quick to resent any fancied insult or respond to any challenge.

"Now your great-grandfather had been brought up with a keen horror of dueling, his mother having thus lost her only brother under peculiarly sorrowful circum-

stances, and he had pledged his word to her never to take part as principal or second in an affair of the kind.

"Soon after he joined the ship his resolution was put to the severest of tests. Among his brother officers was one named Bulstrode, whom he instinctively disliked from the start and who evidently reciprocated the feeling.

"This Bulstrode was a coarse creature of low, vicious propensities, and it chanced that when the 'Gryphon' lay at Kingston, and a number of her officers were on shore, your great-grandfather came across Bulstrode in a back street trying to force his unwelcome attentions upon a pretty quadroon, who was vainly endeavoring to get away from him. Your great-grandfather promptly went to her rescue and enabled her to escape, whereupon Bulstrode, who was partly intoxicated, staggered off in a frenzy of rage, vowing that the interferer in his amusements would be made to answer for his presumption.

"That very evening a formal challenge was handed your great-grandfather, with the request that he would choose the weapons and appoint the time and place of meeting.

"To the profound astonishment of his friends, he quietly refused to do either the one or the other, and all their entreaties and warnings failed to move him from his stand. He stated his reasons once for all, and then would have nothing further to say.

"The next morning he found himself, as he had expected, tabooed by every one on board. Even the

common sailors seemed hardly able to conceal their wonder and contempt, while Bulstrode strutted before him for all the world like a victorious game-cock, the very personification of vulgar triumph.

"It was a harrowing situation for a high-spirited, sensitive man such as your great-grandfather was, and he could not have borne it long. Happily, however, relief soon came, and in a most unexpected way. The 'Gryphon' had orders to scour the sea between Jamaica and Cuba in search of French privateers. After cruising about for some time, she put into Santiago de Cuba to refill the water-butts and get some supplies and fruit. This port fairly swarmed with sharks of the most voracious kind, and the sailors belonging to the ships at anchor were wont to amuse themselves catching the monsters with shark-hooks and torturing them to death.

"While the 'Gryphon' lay at her mooring, one of her gunners thought he would have some fun with a shark, so baiting a hook he threw it overboard. In an instant he had a big brute fast and walloping about madly in the water. In the excitement which followed, he managed somehow to tumble headlong overboard. As is often the case with seafaring men, he could not swim a stroke. He floundered frantically in the water while the sharks gathered menacingly about, and the bulwarks were lined with his shipmates shouting all sorts of directions, and flinging futile ropes and life buoys that the poor fellow was too bewildered to grasp.

"Bulstrode was the officer on watch, and although a fine swimmer he made no effort to save the gunner

beyond roaring orders that were mere wasted breath. There seemed every probability of the poor fellow being drowned or seized by a shark before a boat could reach him, when your great-grandfather, who was in the gunroom reading, hearing the commotion, rushed up on deck. At a single glance he took in the situation. Not a moment did he pause to throw off his coat or boots. Without a word he leaped right into the midst of the merciless maneaters. A few quick strokes brought him to the struggling man, already half drowned. Thrusting one of the ropes into his hands, he called out to those on the ship to haul him up, and the gunner was quickly dragged out of danger.

"Not until then did your great-grandfather give any thought to his own peril. He found himself surrounded by no less than six huge sharks, ready to tear him limb from limb. Shouting and splashing with all his might he made for the side of the ship, where eager hands were outstretched to help him, and just as the biggest of the horrid creatures charged upon him, he was lifted out of the water, safe from the monster's teeth.

"So deep was the impression made by the heroic rescue, that your great-grandfather found the tide of feeling completely turned. From Captain Pinkem down, every officer on board, even the belligerent Bulstrode, shook hands with him heartily, and having thus gloriously vindicated his courage, his stand in regard to dueling was accepted, and he was never troubled upon that point again.

"And now, boys," concluded Mr. Perley, "what do you think of my story? Has it any bearing upon what you were discussing?"

The boys looked into the fire for a moment, and then the younger and more impetuous replied:

"Of course it has, father, and I'm going to stand by Arthur. I don't care what the other boys do."

"And so am I," chimed in Jack. "He's the best fellow in the school, anyway."

"Well said, my boys," responded Mr. Perley. "Be faithful to your friends in spite of public opinion. Some day he'll show you he's no coward, but a boy of strong principle, ready to suffer for the right."

A week later, when Mr. Perley came home from the office the boys greeted him with shouts of:

"Right you were, father! Arthur's no coward, I tell you! You should have seen the way he squelched Bill Bennett."

With great enthusiasm they proceeded to tell their story. It seemed that after school Bennett had been bullying one of the small boys who would not give him a knife he coveted, when Arthur Howard came up and ordered him to stop it. Sneering out that mealy-mouthed cowards had better mind their own business if they didn't want a licking, Bill was about to continue his abuse of the youngster, when Arthur grasped him and dragged him away from his wailing victim.

With an oath Bennett turned upon Arthur, but before the furious blow he attempted could fall, the

latter, who was the best tackler in the football team, caught him around the waist and flung him to the ground so heavily that he lay there for the best part of a minute, stunned and breathless.

When he did recover his wits, all disposition to fight had left him, and growling something about not fighting fair, he slunk off, the picture of dejection and defeat.

"Ah, my boys," commented Mr. Perley, when he had heard the whole story, "now you see the difference between the false and the true test of courage. Let Arthur Howard's way be your way, and there's no fear but that you will command the respect of all those whose good opinion is worth possessing."

# Ralph Weldon's Recruit.



"OH, mother!" exclaimed Ralph Weldon, rushing into the room and sitting down in one of the easy-chairs with a bump that threatened to damage the springs, "I wish you could have seen Patsey Connors diving off the head of the lumber wharf. He's a boss swimmer, and no mistake."

"And who may Patsey Connors be, Ralph?" asked Mrs. Weldon, smiling indulgently at her eldest son's reckless ways.

"Patsey Connors? Ah, he's a boy that's always about the lumber wharf," answered Ralph.

"But you know, Ralph, I don't want you to be having as a companion a boy that I know nothing about," said Mrs. Weldon. "He might be very bad company for you."

"Patsey Connors would never do anybody harm, mother," replied Ralph. "He's a real nice boy."

"Admitting that Patsey is a nice boy, and won't do you harm, Ralph," said his mother, with a meaning smile, "will you do him any good?"

"Will I do him any good, mother?" echoed Ralph, a bewildered look coming over his countenance. "I never thought anything about that."

"Well, but don't you see, my boy, that if you and Patsey are much together you must have either a good or a bad influence upon each other," Mrs. Weldon explained; "and so, if you are sure that he cannot do you any harm, I want to know if you are equally sure that you are doing him good?"

Ralph had not his answer ready. His mother's question was to some extent a poser. The idea of his doing his playmates any particular good had never been put to him in just that way before.

"For instance, Ralph," his mother went on, "do you know if Patsey goes to Sunday-school?"

Ralph shook his head dubiously.

"I never asked him, mother; but I feel pretty sure he doesn't. I guess he spends most of his time on Sundays down at the lumber wharf," he answered.

"I suppose you never thought of inviting him to go to your Sunday-school," inquired Mrs. Weldon.

Ralph blushed a little and fidgeted in his chair.

"No, mother," he replied; "I don't think he'd care to come, anyway."

"You don't know that until you've tried him. Suppose you give him the chance."

"Oh, mother, his clothes are so shabby, you know;

and he's poor and can't get any better ones," protested Ralph.

"Surely, my son does not judge people by their clothes!" said Mrs. Weldon, in a tone of reproach. "Didn't you say Patsey was a nice boy and a boss swimmer? If you're not ashamed to play with him, surely you would not be ashamed to go to Sunday-school with him."

Again Ralph had no answer to make; and after he and his mother had talked together for some time longer, he promised to do his best to get Patsey to accompany him to Sunday-school the very next Sunday.

This was on Friday, and the next morning Ralph, true to his promise, gave Patsey the invitation in a very pleasant, cordial way. Patsey was greatly surprised. It was all well enough for Ralph Weldon, the son of the rich merchant, to go in swimming with him at the lumber wharf, where there was nobody to see, but to walk through the streets on Sunday with so shabby a companion seemed quite a different matter; and then besides, if Ralph's friends at the Sunday-school were all as finely dressed as himself, they might object to having a poor boy brought in among them.

For these reasons and others Patsey was not easy to persuade. But, having promised to get him if he could, Ralph was not to be put off, and in the end carried his point, for Patsey consented to go with him once at all events.

Early in the afternoon of Sunday, so that they might be in their seats before the rest of the class arrived,

Ralph called for Patsey, and they set out together. The poor little fellow had done his best to make a respectable appearance. His face and hands shone with soap; his clothes had been carefully brushed; and a paper collar, several sizes too large for him, adorned his neck. But his hat was fit only for a scarecrow, and his boots seemed all patches. He had no mother to look after him, and his father was a cooper who spent more money on whisky than on his boy, whom he shamefully neglected.

Not even the sense of satisfaction at the doing of a good deed prevented Ralph from feeling very conscious and ill at ease, as in his fine broadcloth he walked through the streets, meeting so many he knew, with his strange companion. He was very glad when they reached the handsome Calvary Church, and made their way to the corner of the Sunday-school room where Mr. Tenderley's class sat.

The teacher was already in his place and greeted Ralph with a winning smile. Then on Patsey being introduced he gave him the heartiest of handshakes and a seat right beside himself.

"I'm very glad to see you bringing in recruits," said he, beaming upon Ralph; and then, turning to Patsey, "I hope you'll like our school so much that you'll be as regular an attendant as Ralph."

Patsey fairly blushed with pleasure. He quite forgot his shabby clothes in the warmth of Mr. Tenderley's welcome, and did not feel at all so uncomfortable as he had expected he would when the other members of the

class came in and stared curiously at the new addition to their ranks. They were too courteous to laugh, as he had feared they would.

The lesson for the afternoon was about Zaccheus and his eagerness to see Jesus. Mr. Tenderley spared no pains to make it both intelligible and interesting to Ralph's recruit, without singling him out in any marked way, and Patsey listened with eager eyes and open mouth. He was sorry when the teaching ended, and shyly whispered to Ralph :

"Will there be more about Jesus another day? I'd like to come again."

That was the beginning of better times for Patsey Connors. Ralph told his father about him, and Mr. Weldon authorized his wife to have the boy fitted out in a suit of clothes that would help him to be more at his ease in the Sunday-school. Lest his father should take them from him to pawn for liquor, Patsey was permitted to keep his new clothes in Mr. Weldon's coach house, whither he came for them every Sunday, putting them back again before returning again to his miserable home.

Some six weeks later, Patsey in the interval having been faithful in his attendance upon the Sunday-school, Mr. Weldon one morning at breakfast looked up from his paper with the inquiry :

"Ralph, what's the name of that boy you got to go to Sunday-school with you?"

"Patsey Connors, sir," answered Ralph, wondering why his father asked.

"Well, Ralph, I see he has been distinguishing himself in a very enviable way. Here is half a column about him in the paper."

Mr. Weldon then went on to read a graphic description of a very gallant rescue from drowning at the lumber wharf the night before. A steamboat excursion had landed at the wharf, which was not properly lighted. A young girl, missing her way in the darkness, had stepped off the high wharf and fallen with a scream into the dock.

Immediately all was confusion. No one knew what ought to be done, and the girl would undoubtedly have been drowned but for the heroic action of a boy named Patsey Connors, who leaped into the dock, dived after the girl, brought her to the surface, and held her there in spite of her frantic struggles, until at last lanterns and ropes were brought, and both were lifted up to safety amid the cheers of the spectators. The account closed with the suggestion that so splendid a deed should not be suffered to pass without due recognition.

The moment his father finished, Ralph, with a whoop, snatched up his cap and dashed off for Miller's Alley, where Patsey lived in a tumble-down tenement. He found his recruit being interviewed by a reporter for an evening paper, and as soon as he could get him away, hurried him back to his own home and brought him straight into the breakfast room, which his father had not yet left.

"There, father," said he proudly, "that's Patsey Connors!"

"Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Weldon, looking kindly at the blushing, breathless boy. "Come here and let me shake hands with you, Patsey. You've been a very brave boy, and I must see if something cannot be done for you, for we want such boys to grow up into strong and able men."

Very proud did Ralph feel of his recruit, and great pains did he take to introduce him to his companions as the hero of the gallant rescue at the lumber wharf. Mr. Weldon too was as good as his word. He started a subscription list in his behalf, heading it with a generous amount, and raised a goodly sum for the purpose of sending Patsey to school. Not only so, but he presented his case to the Humane Society, and obtained a beautiful bronze medal for the little life-saver, who had not dreamed of having such a precious possession.

Patsey's progress was surely and steadily upward. Under Mr. Tenderley's teaching he grew in knowledge of the Saviour, and at his school he learned so quickly that at the end of a year Mr. Weldon thought him fit for his employ and gave him a place as office boy with a promise of promotion in due time.

One day, after all this had taken place, Ralph was talking about him to his mother.

"Do you remember the question, Ralph," said she, "that I asked you when first you spoke of him to me?"

"No, mother. What was it?"

"I asked you if you thought you were doing Patsey any good. What would be your answer now?"

"Well, mother," answered Ralph, "I don't know whether I've done Patsey much good, but he certainly has done me good. And I'm very glad I asked him to come to Sunday-school, for Mr. Tenderley says he's one of the best boys in his class."




THE BOYS in the congregation that filled Calvary Church every Sunday morning and evening, voted Mr. Brightly the best preacher they ever knew. This was not only because he tried to make every sermon interesting as well as instructive and inspiring, but because when out of the pulpit he had such a taking way that they never thought of avoiding him if they saw him coming up the street. On the contrary they took good care to remain right in his path, because they were sure of receiving a smile well worthy of the pastor's name, and some pleasant inquiry about their progress in the game they were playing—and Mr. Brightly's knowledge of games was by no means to be laughed at. He knew the points and terms of all of them to perfection, and could umpire a game of baseball, if necessary, without making an error himself, however many the excited players might make.

When, therefore, he preached a sermon especially for the boys, as he did now and then, he was sure of a

most attentive audience, and he was wont to say that of all his sermons these were the ones he most enjoyed preaching.

His last sermon of this kind had been upon "The Courage and Courtesy of a Christian," the grand character of Daniel being presented as illustrating in a rare degree both these noble qualities; and upon none among his hearers had his earnest words more effect than upon Percy Grant, who sat in a pew near the pulpit, fairly hanging upon the preacher's words.

Those three significant words, "Courage," "Courtesy," "Christian," repeated again and again in the sermon, for Mr. Brightly wished to impress them deeply on his audience, fell into Percy's heart like seed into the soil of a well-tilled garden.

They began to take root at once, and when, at the conclusion of the sermon, the preacher asked all to join in singing the familiar gospel song, "Dare to be a Daniel," Percy put his whole heart into the music. It expressed a new-born but strong and earnest resolution. Thenceforward, God helping him, he, like Daniel, would strive to show to others the courage and courtesy of a Christian.

It was not long before his good resolution had to stand the test of severe trial. Among Percy's schoolmates was a certain Tom Bullen, whose rough, selfish, overbearing ways made him very unpopular with the boys. Indeed, they would have had very little to do with him were it not that his father was one of the richest men in the town and owned a great deal of prop-

erty. In one corner of his estate was a field particularly well suited for baseball, and Mr. Bullen permitted it to be used for that purpose.

There was no other field in this neighborhood big enough for a proper game, and consequently the boys had to put up with Tom in order to have the use of his father's field.

The Saturday afternoon following the sermon on Daniel, there was a baseball match arranged between the East End and West End boys. Percy would have been on the West End nine, only that during the week he unluckily had a finger hurt so badly that he could not play. They therefore made him umpire, his reputation for fair play being beyond cavil. Tom Bullen was captain of the East End nine.

There was a great deal of excitement felt among the boys about the game. Two matches had been previously played between the same teams, each team winning one. The third would, therefore, settle the question as to whether the East Enders or the West Enders were the better players.

At three o'clock sharp, Percy called the game ; the West Enders went to the bat, and the struggle commenced.

The playing was excellent on both sides, and the game promised to be a very keen one. Percy had many close decisions to make, but such perfect confidence was felt in his impartiality that nothing he said was questioned until the West Enders began to draw ahead of their opponents. Then Bullen showed signs

of a disposition to dispute Percy's decisions and to indulge in some "kicking."

His bluster, however, had no effect on the young umpire, who continued to do his duty to the best of his ability. His quiet firmness irritated Tom even more than two adverse decisions, and the rough fellow's temper rose until it only needed some sort of an excuse to burst forth into fury.

This excuse came when the game had reached the sixth inning. The West Enders finished their half with the score standing at seven runs to four in their favor. Then Bullen's nine took the bat. The first struck out, but the second hit a long fly over the center-field's head that gave him a home run. The third, in trying to imitate him, was cleverly caught by second base. With two men out and two runs to tie the score, Tom Bullen faced the pitcher. He looked so fiercely in earnest as to quite disconcert Charlie Warren, and in consequence was given his base on balls.

Ned Masson was the next batsman. After allowing two strikes to be called upon him, he got just the ball he wanted, and sent it flying far into the left field. It was a good three-baser, and Tom at once started to run home. He was a slow base-runner, but Ned was the fastest on either team, and in his eagerness to score he overran third base without glancing around to see where the ball was, and so came close upon Tom's heels.

The ball had been well fielded and was now on its way to the catcher. The East Enders roared out en-

couragement to the two base-runners who, straining every nerve, strove to beat the white sphere to the home plate.

The catcher, with hands outspread and foot on the plate, had eyes only for the ball; but Percy Grant, a few feet behind him, was watching both ball and runners. With a smart smack the ball fell into the catcher's hands just as Bullen flung himself forward on a desperate dive. The next instant the catcher bent down and touched Tom on the shoulder, while Ned Masson sprang past him and crossed the plate in safety.

Tom's arm was stretched out to its fullest extent, and two fingers were upon the plate. If they were there before the ball touched his shoulder he was safe, and the score was tied.

Instantly there was a tremendous uproar. One party shouted "Out!" The other party, headed by Tom, shouted "Safe! safe!" with all their might and main. Percy had given his decision at the moment, but no one had heard it.

At length there came a lull, and the West End captain was able to make himself heard.

"What's your decision, Percy?" he asked.

"Out at the home plate," answered Percy promptly.

"What's that you say?" cried Bullen, blustering up to him. "You're crazy! I was no more out than Ned. Payne didn't touch me till I had my whole hand on the home plate."

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," answered Percy quietly; while the other boys, scenting a rumpus, lis-

tened eagerly for his reply. "I am quite certain you were out."

With a coarse oath Bullen, his face flaming with anger, stepped nearer and, shaking his fist in the umpire's face, shouted: "I wasn't out; you know I wasn't! You want to favor your own side. You're a mean, sneaking cheat, that's what you are!"

At the word "cheat" a flush, almost as red as that on Tom's face spread over Percy's countenance, and his hands clenched themselves into hard fists. No boy had a keener sense of honor than he. For that very reason he had been chosen umpire. The hateful word stung him to the quick. Yet by a very great effort he managed to so control himself as to answer firmly:

"I'm not a cheat, Tom, and I don't want to favor my own side. You were clearly out, and that is all about it." And he moved as if he would turn his back upon the other.

Tom's fury then rose to a white heat. "You are a cheat!" he roared, "and I'll knock you down if you say another word."

Percy turned and faced Tom with flashing eyes, but tight-shut lips.

"There!" shrieked Tom, now quite beside himself with rage. "Take that! That's the cowardly blow!" And before Percy could ward it off, he received a sharp slap on his right cheek.

Instantly his face grew white, except where a red mark showed the place of the blow. He raised his fist to strike, while Bullen put himself in a posture of

defense. But instead of striking, he suddenly checked himself and let his hand fall at his side. As if whispered by his good angel, Mr. Brightly's words, "the courtesy and courage of a Christian," had come into his mind and saved him from the disgrace of an unseemly brawl. He stepped back and the boys began to talk again in their excitement.

At the same moment a rich, manly voice made itself heard behind him, exclaiming in a tone of surprised inquiry, "Why, boys, what's the meaning of this? I came to see a game of baseball, not a prize fight."

Percy wheeled about, and as he found himself face to face with Mr. Brightly, his first thought was, "Oh, how thankful I am that I did not hit back!"

When the minister learned how the matter stood, he gathered the boys about him.

"Boys," said he, in his most winning tone, "it is not half so hard to preach as it is to practise, and I want to say to you that your playmate Percy has taught you better by his example this afternoon than I could have by preaching from my pulpit. You all know him too well to believe for one moment that he would deliberately cheat, and by controlling his temper and taking a blow rather than fight, and so daring to run the risk of being called a coward, he has shown to you that, far from being a coward, he possesses the highest kind of courage. I am proud to have such boys in my congregation. Let us all try, boys, wherever we are, to show to others 'the courtesy and the courage of a Christian.'"

The moment he finished, the boys of their own accord broke into three cheers for Percy Grant, and three more for the minister, and it was long before any of them forgot the events of that afternoon or the meaning of true courage.

# A Great Deal of Nerve.



"DO you believe that?" asked Hub Barnard of Carl Starratt, pointing to a very highly colored poster, which bore the picture of a man in tights flying through the air head downward, toward a netting stretched ready to receive him. The poster was entitled: "The Leap for Life! Peynaud, the Cloud Flyer, in his thrilling dive of one hundred and fifty feet!" and so on, in the usual extravagant language of the circus handbill.

"Of course I do," answered Carl promptly. "Father says it's all true; and they're building the tower out at the fair ground now for Peynaud to jump from."

"You don't tell me!" said Hub half incredulously. "And is the tower really one hundred and fifty feet high? Why, that's every bit as high as our church steeple."

"One hundred and fifty feet every inch of it," re-

plied Carl, proud of the certainty of his knowledge; for his father was one of the directors of the fair, and he had heard him describing the tower to his mother.

"Well, I can hardly believe it until I see it, and I'll take good care to see it, I tell you!" returned Hub. "How many times is he going to jump?"

"Every afternoon at three o'clock while the fair lasts. So you can be sure of seeing him," Carl answered.

"That's good! I won't miss him if I know myself."

The fair took place the following week, and all Depotville was agog with eagerness to see the wonderful "cloud flyer, in his thrilling leap for life."

His part of the programme was of course only an extra attraction, the main purpose of the fair being to exhibit at their best the agricultural and industrial possessions and products of the surrounding country. But it must be confessed that there was far more interest taken in Peynaud's tower than in the sleek, shiny cattle or plethoric pumpkins.

This tower was rude enough in construction, being simply an open-work affair of unplaned scantling, but it looked very lofty and impressive notwithstanding, particularly as a place to jump from.

Hub and Carl were well to the front in the crowd that gathered about its base on the first afternoon of the fair, and they both felt their hearts in their mouths when Peynaud appeared clad in crimson tights, and after bowing to the applauding spectators proceeded to

mount the tower, amid the breathless silence that settled down upon the gaping multitude. Very deliberately the daring gymnast made the ascent, and when he reached the summit, stood upon the little platform for a few minutes looking unconcernedly about him.

"What nerve he must have!" exclaimed Hub, his own heart throbbing at a rate that would have imperiled his balance had he been standing in Peynaud's place. "I wish I was brave enough to do it."

"Sh——. He's going to jump!" exclaimed Carl, gripping Hub's arm tightly.

Extending from the foot of the tower for about fifty feet was a very strong netting, held up by big posts. In the center of this netting was a mattress. Aiming straight at this white patch Peynaud bent forward. The spectators were hushed into perfect silence. Then a simultaneous gasp broke from them. Peynaud, straightening his legs, had shot out into space. Like a flash of flame he flew through the air, head downward, until within twenty feet of the net. Then, by a quick movement, he turned half over, so as to strike the mattress with his broad shoulders first. Like a rubber ball he bounded up into the air and, coming down upon his feet, bowed gracefully to the crowd, while a hurricane of applause testified to the success of his performance.

Hub gave a very graphic description of the feat to his mother that evening, and wound up with: "What a brave man Peynaud must be! He must have a great deal of nerve to take such a jump as that."

"No doubt he's brave, Hub; yet I can't say I have any admiration for what he does," answered Mrs. Barnard. "It seems to me nothing but a piece of foolhardiness that ought not to be allowed. What good does it do to anybody? There are far better ways of showing nerve than that, dear."

"I suppose there are, mother," responded Hub, his enthusiasm somewhat dampened by his mother's words. "But I think it was a wonderful thing to do, all the same."

The town of Depotville, in which Hub Barnard lived, was a railway center of considerable importance. One could hardly walk half a mile in any direction without coming to a crossing, and as the trains were darting to and fro over the tracks at all hours, day and night, this state of affairs caused no small inconvenience to the inhabitants, and accidents were not unknown.

A week after Hub had seen Peynaud's thrilling dive he was hurrying from school to the football field when he came to a railway crossing, where there were several tracks side by side. Upon one of them a number of empty cars had been shunting, shutting out the view in that direction. As he ran along the sidewalk he caught sight of a train rushing up from the right, but calculated he had plenty of time to pass in front of it, so he kept on through the gate and out on the crossing. He did pass that train safely, but failed to see another approaching swiftly from the left until it was right upon him. With a cry of horror he threw himself backward and, had his foot not slipped, he

would have escaped. Unhappily he tripped on the rail and fell flat with his left foot inside the rails. Before he could withdraw it the express train thundered down upon it, crushing mercilessly through bone and sinew. When it had passed Hub's foot hung to the leg by a mere ribbon of mangled flesh.

Kind hands quickly bore him to an adjoining house, and a few minutes later a surgeon arrived. Fearful as was his suffering, Hub never uttered a cry nor lost consciousness for a moment. When they asked where he lived he answered at once, but added quickly :

"Don't send word home; mother would be too frightened. It will be time enough to tell her when you take me there."

He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow. Even in the midst of his agony he had forethought for her and would spare her the shock of seeing him before his injuries had received attention. His wishes were obeyed, and the surgeon hastened to complete the amputation begun by the pitiless car-wheels. To his dismay there was no chloroform at hand and no time could be spared to send for it.

"Never mind," said Hub, in a steady voice. "I can stand it without chloroform."

And stand it he did without a quiver, until the work was done and the bandaging finished, and then he fainted away just as he heard the surgeon saying to him, in tones of warm admiration :

"You're a hero ! I never saw better nerve in my life."

An hour later he was comfortably settled in his own

room at home, his mother sitting beside him and holding his hand as he described how the accident had happened, and how kind the people were to him.

"But why didn't you have me sent for immediately, Hub darling?" asked Mrs. Barnard, whose tear-stained face showed how deeply she felt the trouble.

"Because, mother dearest, I knew what a shock it would be if you saw me before the surgeon fixed me up; and I thought it was better for you not to know until they brought me home," answered Hub.

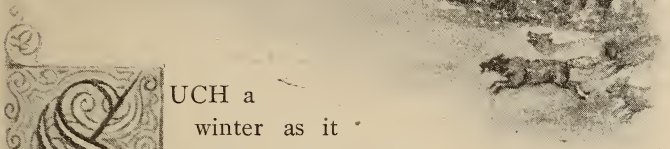
Mrs. Barnard bent down and covered his pale face with loving kisses. "And so you thought of your poor mother in the midst of all your pain," she said, in tones of tender pride. "Do you know, Hub," she continued, "what I have been thinking of as I listened to you? You seemed to think that that foolish acrobat showed a great deal of nerve in jumping from the top of his tower, but I think that my boy showed far more and far better nerve in remembering his mother and seeking to spare her feelings although he was all the while in dreadful pain himself."

A blush of joy spread over Hub's countenance and a happy smile played about his lips as he said:

"I'm so glad you think so, mother. I do want to be always brave, and the surgeon said that he never saw better nerve in his life than I showed during the operation. But I'm sure I couldn't do what Peynaud did, all the same."

"Yet you were the braver of the two, dear," responded Mrs. Barnard

# A Pair of Skates and a Hurley



SUCH a winter as it was! Squire Chisholm, who took much pride in an unquestioned title to the honor of being the "oldest inhabitant," would solemnly shake his snow-white head as he gave judgment again and again that in all his recollection—and that was saying a good deal, you know—there had never been before so extraordinary a season.

The extraordinary part of it was this: that although the cold came right enough, and Jack Frost bound up the streams and ponds and lakes and rivers in his gleaming fetters of ice and turned the ground into iron, the snow, which most of us think to be the best thing about winter, its redeeming feature so to speak, did not come also; or when it did, it was in such small quantities as to be of no practical benefit. Now and then there would be a flurry, and the hearts of the boys that were lamenting the loss of coasting, snowballing, and tobogganing, would be filled with hope; but it would prove nothing more than a flurry, and

after about a handful of white dust had fallen, the supply would cease and the boys return to their lamentations.

They had only one source of consolation, and of this they made the most; the skating was simply superb. Every pond had become a mirror that flashed the sunshine merrily back in their faces and, better still, the South River, which came from away up the country in a placid, lovely stream, and then, just before losing itself in the great ocean, spread out into a broad and beautiful expanse they called the harbor, this South River that the boys loved almost as though it were a living thing, wound along between its banks wearing a crystal breastplate the equal of which not even the squire had ever seen before. From the harbor as far up inland as anybody had explored, the ice was beyond reproach; and how the boys of Upper South River, Lower South River, and the other little villages scattered along its banks did appreciate it.

"It's a good thing that there's such fine skating, since we can't do anything else," remarked Charlie Wilkie to his chum, Frank Hill, one day.

"Yes, indeed!" answered Frank; "we fellows would have a precious stupid time of it if the ice wasn't so fine. I do wish the snow would come, though. I'm getting rather tired of skating."

"Oh, I'm not," said Charlie. "I've learned such a lot of didos this winter, and if the skating holds out, I'll have the double locomotive perfect before the winter's over."

"All well enough for you, Charlie," Frank replied somewhat ruefully. "You seem to take to skating like a duck to water, while as for poor me, if I ever learn to do the Dutch roll backward decently, it will be a wonder."

"Nonsense, Frank," said Charlie laughing. "You will learn all right. Come along now and have another try at the single grapevine. You really must get the better of that this winter."

So the two friends went off for their skates, and soon afterward were spinning over the ice like a pair of birds.

There was a good deal of truth in the compliment Frank had just paid Charlie. He did seem to take naturally to skating, and already, although only a little over fifteen, could go faster and do more difficult things than any other boy on the river. In fact, he was quite a hero among his companions and was generally leader in the sports they had on the ice, such as hockey, hamca, baste the bear, and so forth.

Hockey was a favorite game with the South River boys. They played it every afternoon and all day Saturday, and never seemed to weary of it. Generally on Saturday afternoons they would have a match between the Easters and Westers—that is, between those who lived on the east and those on the west bank of the river. The teams being pretty evenly matched, a great deal of interest was taken in these contests. On fine afternoons there would be a crowd of onlookers, and the whole valley would ring with cries of the players and the shouts of the spectators. Charlie Wilkie,

being not less expert with his hurley than with his skates, of course captained one side, the West, the other captain being Buckey Billings, an overgrown chap who was inclined to be a bit of a bully if he saw a good chance.

Charlie and Frank encountered Buckey on their way to the river, and he hailed them in his rough fashion. "Hullo, Westers! Going to have a game to-night?"

"Guess not," replied Charlie. "We're just going to have a little skate."

"You'd better put in all the practice you can, my hunkers, or we'll beat you clean out of your boots next Saturday," shouted Buckey, who had not been very successful in the last few matches.

"All right," returned Charlie pleasantly. "If you can do it, you're welcome to."

"Have you got a good team for Saturday?" asked Frank, after Buckey had passed on.

"Capital," answered Charlie; "the best I ever had. I am not afraid of the result."

As the end of the week drew near indications of a change in the weather appeared. Each day proved milder than the day before, and Friday was one of those rare and lovely days in winter which are called "weather-breeders," because they are so often the precursors of a storm. The boys were very anxious about Saturday, and felt sure it would be their last chance for a match for the rest of the winter. Charlie Wilkie could hardly contain himself, so troubled was he about the weather. Buckey Billings had been boasting

of the splendid team he was going to bring out, in which it was whispered there would be some crack players from the city who happened to be visiting in the neighborhood. So Charlie determined to be in the best possible condition and play as he had never played before. One can imagine then what his feelings were when, on coming home early Friday afternoon, his mother greeted him with :

"Oh, Charlie, I'm so glad you're here. Get your dinner as quickly as you can, for I want you to go down to Uncle Hugh's at the Cape."

"Uncle Hugh's!" exclaimed Charlie in amazement. "Why, mother, how on earth am I to get there? The mare is lame, and I certainly can't walk that distance this time of year."

"No, Charlie, but father thinks you could skate there easy enough. You know it's only a little distance from the shore, and they say the ice is good the whole way."

"But, mother, I've got to play the biggest match of the season to-morrow afternoon, and I'll be dead tired."

"Well, I'm sorry, Charlie; but I have to send an important message to Uncle Hugh to-day, and if you don't go, father will have to, and you know he's not feeling over strong just now."

Poor Charlie! He was altogether too affectionate a son to think for one moment of allowing his father to go; but then, ten miles to the Cape and ten miles back again meant tired legs for the next twenty-four hours at least, and tired legs were not exactly the best thing

for a hockey match. Seeing his concern, his mother said :

"You can stay all night at Uncle Hugh's and come back in the morning."

"Oh, that won't do, mother. I'll be busy in the morning. I must get back again to-night."

"Just as you like, Charlie ; but I think it would be better for you to stay all night, for it will be quite late when you are coming back."

"Oh, I don't mind that, mother. The moon is nearly full, and it will be bright enough. So get your note written ; the sooner I'm off the better." And while Charlie bolted his dinner, his mother scribbled down what she had to tell Uncle Hugh.

It was about four o'clock when Charlie started off, and having given his mother a hearty good-bye kiss, he was soon speeding down the river at a lively rate, swinging to and fro the hurley which was his constant companion during the skating season. He took a good deal of pride in this hurley, and with reason, for no boy in the neighborhood had a better one. His father had had it specially made for him as a Christmas present the winter before, and many a winning stroke did it score in Charlie's skillful hands. It was a beautiful piece of tough maple, varnished all over and decorated with red and blue lines in the most artistic fashion, while the handle was lashed with fine twine so as to give the firmest possible grip.

The air was so pleasant and the ice so perfect that Charlie's ill-humor did not stay with him long, and by

the time he had gone a mile he was whistling as merrily as a bird. A light heart with a sturdy pair of legs to carry it can make short work of even ten long miles, and Charlie was quite surprised himself when Uncle Hugh's home came into sight as he dashed out on the broad surface of the harbor. Such good time had he made that the family were only sitting down to supper when he arrived, and they welcomed him warmly to a seat at the table. His ten-mile skate had given him a famous appetite and tired him not a little, and his cousins were so glad to see him that he lingered with them somewhat longer than he had intended. When he announced his intention of returning home that night the whole family rose up in opposition.

"You really must not leave us, Charlie. I couldn't think of allowing you to go home to-night," said Aunt Ellen.

"Oh, Charlie, do stay," put in Cousin Alec, "and we'll have a first-class pillow fight before we go to bed."

"Please stay, Charlie," pleaded pretty Cousin Mary. "I want to show you the lovely album Uncle Frank sent me from Boston."

"I really think it's not wise for you to go back to-night," said grave Uncle Hugh.

But Charlie was proof against all persuasion, advice, and entreaty, and even when Alec as a final argument said, "Colin Chisholm says that wolves have been prowling around the Bend lately," Charlie only laughed and persisted in going, so his relatives had to

give way and allow him to start off about half-past seven, feeling thoroughly rested and ready for his journey.

The night was not very promising. The sun had set among a heavy mass of clouds which now covered the whole heavens, permitting very little of the light from the rising moon to struggle through. A dreary, chilling wind had begun to blow from the east, and altogether the prospect looked very different from what it had been in the afternoon. Before he had gone half a mile Charlie felt strongly tempted to turn back, especially as Alec's remarks about the wolves seemed somehow or other to take hold upon his mind, but his pride rebelled against this and he pushed steadily on, gripping his hurley tight and comforting himself with the thought that it would make a very good weapon if properly handled.

One mile, two miles, three miles, four miles—and the sheet of ice that was so broad in front of Uncle Hugh's narrowed down to not much more than a hundred yards. From its edge on either side for about two hundred yards more, stretched the level fields called intervale, from which great crops of hay were gathered every summer. They were now brown and sere, and overrun with dense withered aftermath. Beyond them rose the old river banks sloping upward to the hills, and covered thick with a heavy growth of tree and underbrush which extended as far as eye could see on the clearest day ; for the country was but little settled about "The Bend," as this part of the river was called, and the forest still afforded protection to many kinds of game.

As he reached the half-way point in his homeward journey Charlie began to feel his exertions telling upon him, and thought he would rest a moment. So he sat down upon a stranded log and looked about him. Never in his life before had he felt so utterly alone. Not a sound broke the still solitude save the dreary sighing of the wind in the distant trees. To the very bottom of his heart he wished he had stayed at Uncle Hugh's. But it was too late now. He had no other choice than to go forward.

Suddenly, as he sat there, a strange wild howl pierced the air, and, falling upon his ears, sent an icy chill of terror through every limb. It came from the eastern forest and was followed fast by another and then another. Charlie had never heard the howl of a wolf, but instinct told him that the dreadful sound which clearly was coming nearer could be nothing else.

"Gracious goodness!" he exclaimed to himself. "There are the wolves as sure as I'm here! I've got to skate for my life," and springing to his feet he dashed off at his topmost speed. All his weariness had left him now, and the river banks fairly flew past him as, with head bent low and hurley swinging, he sped over the glistening ice. There was not a boy in all the valley that could outstrip him, and at first he rather exulted in the idea of a race with the wolves.

But presently the howls drew nearer and nearer, though he was skating "for all he was worth," as he would say himself, and the feeling of exultation gave place to one of growing alarm. He had three miles to

go before reaching the nearest house and only one mile of this had been covered when, glancing fearfully over his shoulder, he caught sight of three dark forms galloping along the bank not a hundred yards behind him. Go faster he could not, although the sight almost frenzied him, and he knew the wolves were gaining upon him with frightful rapidity. A quarter of a mile more, and the leader and largest of the three was even with him, loping easily along the edge of the bank, but evidently loth to venture out upon the slippery ice.

Noticing this Charlie breathed a little more freely; but his relief soon vanished when he saw the brute dash on ahead to a bend in the river and then stop. There was no mistaking the purpose of this movement. He meant to await Charlie's approach and then spring at him as he went past. The boy saw it all in a moment and the same moment there flashed into his mind an idea that made him tighten his grasp upon his hurley and summon all his strength as he said between firm, set teeth :

"Ah, you brute ! you haven't got me yet."

As he drew near the point he slackened speed slightly and veered out of his course toward the opposite bank. With a fierce, deep snarl the wolf sprang out upon the ice and shot toward him. At the same instant Charlie wheeled to the right so as almost to face his foe, who of course could only go straight ahead, and then just as those cruel jaws seemed ready to fasten upon him he stopped suddenly, turned aside,

swung his heavy hurley in both hands high over his head and brought it down with tremendous force full upon the brute's head just behind the ears. It was a terrible blow, and without a sound the monster rolled over on the ice dead.

With a cry of mingled joy and relief Charlie sprang away just in time to escape the onset of the other two wolves that had followed their leader's example and bounded across at such a rate that when the boy dodged them they went sliding past him, snarling and snapping their jaws, but powerless to do him any harm. When they did regain their feet they paid no more attention to Charlie, but forthwith set to work upon the body of their late companion, while the human prey they had sought rapidly disappeared in the distance.

A quarter of an hour later a very much exhausted boy knocked at the door of Fraser the blacksmith. Tired as he was, however, a triumphant look shone in his face that required explanation. The Frasers soon heard his story, and no sooner was it told than the big blacksmith and one of his almost equally big sons shouldered their rifles and went off down the river, while Charlie feeling himself to be somewhat of a hero, even if a very tired one, gladly accepted Mrs. Fraser's hearty invitation to remain there for the night.

It was late when he awoke next morning and, oh dear, how stiff and sore he felt! As soon as he appeared Hen Fraser shouted to him from the forge :

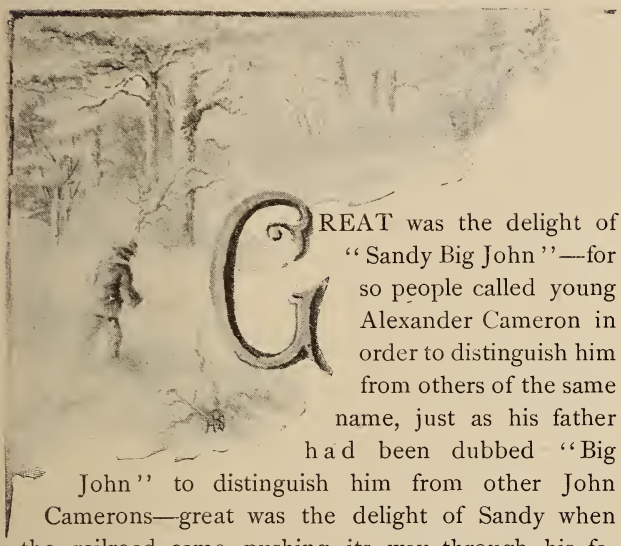
"Come here, Charlie, and look at this," and there stretched against the side of the forge were three great

wolfskins ; one, the largest, rather torn by wolfish teeth, the others showing but a bullet hole apiece.

"You can have all three, Charlie," said the blacksmith. "We are quite content with having killed two of the brutes."

It need hardly be said that when the story came out Charlie was the hero of the South River valley, and his satisfaction was complete when that Saturday afternoon, the bad weather being good enough to hold off a little longer, stiff and sore as he was, he led his team to a victory over the Easters at the hockey match, although the latter did have four crack players from the city on their side.

# Sandy Cameron to the Rescue.



GREAT was the delight of "Sandy Big John"—for so people called young Alexander Cameron in order to distinguish him from others of the same name, just as his father had been dubbed "Big John" to distinguish him from other John Camerons—great was the delight of Sandy when the railroad came pushing its way through his father's farm, and on again toward its distant terminus. For the Cameron farm was a lonely place, being situated in a break in the forest known as "Cameron's Clearing," where the trees closed in all around it, shutting it out so completely from the rest of the world that its unexpected appearance was always a bit of a

surprise to travelers going over that route for the first time.

'Tis true that the coach, with its double span of prancing horses and load of passengers and trunks, went by every day, but the road being very straight and level just in front of Cameron's, the driver always took advantage of it to dash past at a rattling pace, so that the big swaying vehicle had scarcely come into sight from the left before it was out of sight again at the right. Anyway, Sandy soon grew used to seeing the coach pass and often thought it hardly worth while to run down to the front gate, although, as sure as he did, the driver hailed him cheerfully with some such question as, "Hullo, Sandy, how many freckles have you got to-day?" sometimes tossing down a letter or paper for the boy's father.

The railway, however, was quite a different affair. First came the engineers, two of whom stayed at his father's, and Sandy followed them day by day, as with theodolite and rod and chain they went carefully over the ground, driving in stakes to mark the route they selected.

Then a little later came the contractors with their gangs of men, some of whom put up at Big John's, and Sandy forgot that he had ever been lonely, while with unwearying interest he watched the broad swath being cut through the forest, the road-bed being laid true and straight, the sleepers and rails fastened in their places.

But all this was as nothing to the wild delight that thrilled him when the first train went thundering down

the track, its huge engine and long line of cars all gay with bunting and crowded with people. Sandy felt perfectly sure he could never tire of such a sight as that, and the knowledge that henceforth trains would be constantly passing to and fro before his home made him feel more contented with it than he had been for many a day.

It was midsummer when the Eastern Extension Railway opened for traffic, and by autumn Sandy was well known to every engine driver and conductor on the road, for he seemed to be always on the lookout to wave his hat to them as the train went speeding by. Now and then he got a ride too, thanks to the kindness of some friendly conductor who would slow up his freight train until the boy could jump on, and then carry him off to the nearest station, whence he would return in the same way.

"It's not a farmer but an engine driver that Sandy'll be," said Mrs. Cameron to her husband. "The lad's clean daft about the train."

"Well, I don't know as I mind," replied Big John, who was very fond of his only son. "I'd a deal sight rather see him a good driver than a poor farmer anyway. If his heart's in it let him have his will."

So Sandy was allowed to enjoy himself unchecked.

About two miles west of the Cameron farm the railroad ran through a narrow gorge called Deep Valley, which had been chosen in order to save going a long way around, or driving a costly tunnel through the hills. It was intended to build snow sheds in the nar-

rowest part of the gorge, but this had not been done when the winter closed in and then, of course, it was too late.

During the early part of the winter no great quantity of snow fell and the track could be kept clear without much difficulty. Sandy fairly shouted with glee the first time he saw the great snow-plow tearing grandly through the drifts and tossing the snow from off the track as if enraged at its impertinence in being there. He thought to himself what a fine thing it would be if his father only had something like that to clear the paths to the barn and the well, for oh, how his back did ache sometimes while he was doing it with nothing better than a small shovel !

Just before Christmas one of the engineers in charge of the line came down from headquarters to have a look at Deep Valley, for there was no knowing when the snow might give trouble there. He brought with him two odd-looking things such as Sandy had never seen before. He called them snow-shoes and astonished the boy by strapping them to his feet and striding gayly over the deep snow where without them he would not have been able to take a single step.

So great was Sandy's admiration that the kind-hearted engineer showed him how to use them, and before he went away promised him a pair for a Christmas present. Sure enough, on Christmas eve as a train flashed by, a big parcel was flung out to Sandy, standing expectantly at the gate, and in that parcel he found a pair of snow-shoes, with a pair of moccasins lashed to them.

"Oh, mother, just look here!" called the delighted boy as he rushed into the house. "Mr. Abbott didn't forget me. Here are the snow-shoes and the things for my feet too."

Such a happy Christmas as Sandy had, thanks to Mr. Abbott's thoughtfulness! Nearly the whole day he spent tramping about, getting many a tumble, and often being half buried in a big snowdrift, but persevering until before dark he could manage to walk very well indeed. And then wasn't he a proud boy? Wellington himself was not more elated when Waterloo was won.

Little did Sandy or Mr. Abbott imagine what a fortunate thing that gift of the snow-shoes was to prove before another month had passed.

By New Year's Sandy could walk on his shoes as well as the engineer himself, and many a tramp did he have along the road and through the woods, until his mother began to comfort herself with the thought that he had quite lost the idea of being an engine driver, and would perhaps keep to the farm after all. In the last week of January Big John Cameron found it necessary to be absent from Cameron's Clearing for about two days, as he had some important matters to look after in the village of Antigonish, six miles away, so he went off, leaving Sandy in sole charge.

"Take good care of mother and the stock, lad," was Mr. Cameron's parting injunction; "and mind, don't you go gallivanting off into the woods on those Indian concerns, for if you get lost there'll be nobody to go after you."

"Never you fear, father," replied Sandy, "I'll stay around home the whole time you're away," and feeling proud of his responsible position, for he was only fifteen, the young chap went whistling up the path into the house as his father disappeared down the road, and clasping his mother around the waist, said jokingly, "Now then, mother, you're in my care for two whole days, so you must just be a good girl, and do everything I tell you."

That was on Thursday, and the day went by uneventfully, Sandy faithfully attending to his duties at the barn and in the house. But on Friday came a heavy snowstorm, which made poor Sandy's back ache merely to look at it. How the snow did come down! just as if it had not put in an appearance before that winter and was trying to make up for lost time. With the snow was a roaring wind which drove it madly hither and thither and piled it up in fantastic wreaths and drifts, burying the road, the fences, the pump, and threatening to bury the barn into the bargain. All day long the snow fell and the wind raged and all night too. Saturday morning dawned and the storm showed no signs of abating.

"I hope that your father won't try to come home to-day," said Mrs. Cameron anxiously, peering out of the window that looked toward the road. "They don't even seem to think of trying to run the trains. There hasn't been a train since yesterday afternoon, has there, Sandy?"

"No, mother; I guess there's too much snow on

the track even for the big plow. No fear of father starting till the storm's all over," he added cheerfully.

Late that afternoon Sandy was standing by the front window trying hard to descry the railroad track through the blinding mist of snow, when he joyfully exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, here's father coming up the path now, and he can hardly get along, the snow is so deep!"

Whereupon they both rushed to the door and, throwing it open, welcomed—not Mr. Cameron, but Mr. Abbott, who no sooner got inside than he threw himself into a chair utterly exhausted.

It was a few moments before he was able to speak, and when he did speak, this was what he had to say: The down train, with three engines and a snow-plow, was buried in a tremendous drift right in the center of Deep Valley. It had been stuck there ever since Friday afternoon and the passengers were in actual peril from both hunger and cold. Word must be carried to Antigonish that night and relief obtained, or lives would certainly be lost. Two hours previously he had set out from the train intending to be the messenger himself, but in struggling through the deep snow had strained himself so severely that he could not possibly go any farther. He seemed very much concerned when told of Big John's absence, for he had counted upon him to go on to Antigonish in his stead.

For a minute he sat silent, as if revolving something in his mind; then suddenly his face lightened and turning to the boy beside him he grasped him by the arm, saying earnestly:

"I have it! Put on your snow-shoes, Sandy, and make for the village as fast as you can go. It will be twenty-five dollars in your pocket if you get word there to-night. I'll stay with your mother till you come back."

Now Sandy was about as big and brave a boy for fifteen as could be found in the whole country, but the prospect of a six-mile tramp through the snowstorm with night so near at hand was enough to make a bigger and braver fellow than Sandy pause. His mother too shrank from the risk, but Mr. Abbott would not be put off. This seemed his only chance for rescue, and he pleaded with Sandy and argued with his mother until at last he wrung a reluctant consent from both. So, after fortifying himself with a hearty supper, Sandy strapped his snow-shoes to his feet and fared sturdily forth into the storm, Mr. Abbott's hearty "Good luck to you!" and his mother's anxious "God keep you!" following him as he ran down the path to the gate.

Now just what had Sandy undertaken? Six miles of deep, drifted snow lay between him and his destination. Although the storm had somewhat abated as the afternoon waned, the snow still sifted down and the wind blew sharply. Hardly an hour of daylight was left, and the journey would take him two hours at least. Moreover, his route ran through dense woods nearly all the way, and if anything happened to him there would not be the slightest hope of assistance. There seemed but one thing in his favor, namely, that by following the railroad he could hardly go astray, and possibly he might meet a relief party coming up the line.

All these things were present in Sandy's mind as, bending his head low to screen his face from the wind, and swinging his arms to and fro in time with his stride, he quickly disappeared from sight, while his mother retired to her room to pray that no harm might befall her boy, and that he might succeed in his dangerous undertaking.

For the first mile or so Sandy could think of nothing but the reward Mr. Abbott had offered, which seemed simply magnificent to him, who had never had a whole dollar of his own before. What a lot of wonderful things he would be able to do with twenty-five dollars! Such presents as he would buy for father and mother! Such a gun for himself!

Presently, however, as the dusk deepened and the tall trees cast dark shadows upon his path his spirits fell, and he began to wish he had already reached his journey's end. He was not naturally timid, but what boy's nerves would not have trembled more than a little if he were in Sandy's place? It was by no means easy walking either, even on snow-shoes, for, tormented by the tireless wind, the snow, instead of lying smooth and level, had heaped itself up in billows and twisted into curious wreaths which often broke treacherously under Sandy's shoes and more than once sent him headlong. Neither bears nor wolves were known to be in the vicinity; but who can blame the lonely boy when night fell upon him, if a great jagged stump left by the railroad builders seemed so like a bear crouching to spring upon him that he fairly froze with fright and

darted past at the top of his speed, or if the soughing and sighing of the wind through the pine trees startled him with fear, because it sounded so like the horrid howl of distant wolves?

Before he had gone half-way the real difficulties and imagined terrors of his situation so possessed him that he actually turned to retrace his steps, feeling as though a hundred dollars would not tempt him a step farther, when suddenly Mr. Abbott's words flashed across his mind, "Unless help is brought to-night, lives will certainly be lost," and he checked himself. He thought of the cars filled with passengers, men, women, and children, enduring cold and hunger, and his brave young heart throbbed with sympathy for them.

They were depending upon him, though they did not know it, and Mr. Abbott was depending upon him too, Mr. Abbott, who had been so kind to him, who had caused him so many happy hours by giving him the snow-shoes, the very shoes he now had upon his feet. How could he go back to him and confess he had not dared to carry his message? For quite five minutes the conflict between courage and cowardice, dread and duty, waged in Sandy's breast. Now he would take a few steps homeward, then wheel about and face the other way. Never will he forget that unseen struggle through which he passed alone in the very heart of the West Woods on that wild winter's night. At length his better nature conquered. God helping him, he would carry his message, and with renewed energy he set his face fixedly toward Antigonish.

Now came the hardest part of that memorable journey. Already feeling the effects of his exertions, and finding it very difficult, moreover, to keep going straight forward amid such darkness, he nevertheless plodded on resolutely, shutting his ears against the howling wind and refusing to see anything but common stumps in the dark, mysterious objects which sprawled upon the snow to right and left. Tramp, tramp, tramp, on he went, head bent low and hands swinging. Another mile and yet another of the billowy snow slipped behind him until there was but one mile left, and soon he would be clear of the darksome woods. The thought of this gave strength to his limbs as he wearily toiled along.

But what was the matter with his hands? They had been feeling cold for some time past, for the snow had gotten into his mittens every time he fell, but now they seemed to have no feeling at all. Surely they were not frozen! God help him if he were to fall now! He could never get on his feet again. How careful must he be then! But being careful meant being slow. Oh, was this awful tramp never going to end? Step by step, cautiously but steadily Sandy pushed ahead, every nerve and muscle at their highest tension, his whole being centered in the one supreme thought, not to fall until Antigonish was reached. He felt as though hours must have passed since he started. Once and again the treacherous snow breaking under him caused him to stumble and his heart stood still for fear. But fortunately he recovered himself in time.

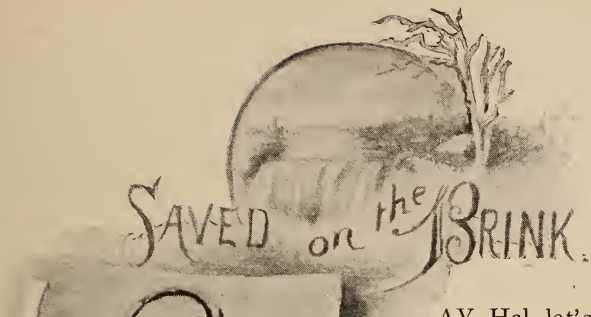
At length a turn in the road revealed the lights of

Antigonish half a mile away, and he knew that those dreadful woods were nearly past. Reaching the clearing a minute later he gave a shout of joy and quickened his pace. The going was better now, for the wind, having had free play upon the track, had beaten the snow down smoothly, and Sandy ran no risk of falling.

The lights were drawing near, only a quarter of a mile remained. Summoning all his energies for one last effort, he broke into a run and never slackened his pace until, bursting open the door of the station agent's office, he fell fainting on the floor, frightening the agent by his sudden and startling appearance. His faint quickly passed away, however, and he told his story. Without a moment's delay a relief party was organized.

Toboggans loaded with meat and bread and crackers and cheese and coffee, and drawn by stalwart men on snow-shoes, set out for the buried train with its starving passengers, and seated upon the foremost toboggan, snugly wrapped in a big buffalo robe, Sandy Cameron, the hero of the hour, rode triumphantly homeward.

When Mr. Abbott told the passengers how much they owed to a boy's bravery, they filled his hands with money to show Sandy that they were not ungrateful. The railway company too rewarded him substantially, while the fame of his exploit filled the neighborhood for many a day thereafter. Also his hands were not really frozen, so that he was not only none the worse, but very much the better for what he dared to do that night the down train was snowed in at Deep Valley.




"SAY, Hal, let's go and see them dynamiting the ice."

"Where is it, and what's dynamiting, anyway?"

"Why, over there behind the railway bridge they're blowing up the ice with dynamite, a kind of powder, you know, only ten times worse, father says. Must be fun to see it going off. Come along; a lot of the fellows have gone over already."

"All right, Ned. Just hold on until I put my books in the house, and then I'm with you."

The schoolbooks having been disposed of, the two boys hurried away to the railway bridge.

The Rideau River had risen, overflowed its banks, and invaded the village of New Edinburgh. Running streams too deep to cross except in boats had taken

the place of streets ; instead of yards the people looked out upon muddy ponds in whose swirling waters chips, logs, boxes, and barrels floated about, and only the buildings stood above the water ; all else in that neighborhood was submerged. Hal Roberts who, in company with the "Bodleys," had just been playing Venice, thought that all New Edinburgh now needed was a half-dozen gondolas and a Doge's palace to be a little Venice on her own account.

To Hal and Ned the flood seemed fine fun, especially as, their homes being on the high ground, they were not made uncomfortable by it, and they watched its progress with great interest. For a whole week the water had been steadily rising, as the hot spring sunshine blazed away at the immense snowdrifts which lay along the river banks. Had it not been for the ice, the water would have run off all right and gone roaring and splashing over the Rideau Falls into the broad Ottawa.

But the ice was so thick and solid that it melted slowly, and the river bed being full of it, the water was quite dammed up and could not get away. At last some bright person had thought of blowing up this ice barrier with dynamite, and the poor flooded folk, eager to try anything, had jumped at the idea and were putting it into execution.

A number of men were at work when, breathless with running, Hal and Ned appeared upon the scene. This was the way they went about it : With long, sharp crowbars they drilled a deep hole into the ice-floes some

distance from the edge; the dynamite cartridge was slipped cautiously in with the detonator and fuse attached, and then everybody having made off to a safe distance, the charge was exploded; a dull, heavy concussion filled the air; the ice sprang high out of the water and fell back in fragments, and great cracks showed themselves in the once solid ice-field. After that the men had only to push and pry a little in order to send huge pieces off into the current that was rushing fiercely down its confined passage, where they were borne rapidly along until they leaped over the falls into the Ottawa below.

Intent and excited the two boys watched the work for some time, crowding in close when the holes were being driven, taking a last peep at the cartridge that looked so innocent but could do so much damage, as the man slipped it carefully into place, then scampering off to a safe distance on the warning being given, and shouting with delight when the explosion took place and the ice splintered up into fragments with a rattling crash. Then as the great jagged cakes were detached from the main body and sent sailing away, the boys would follow them down a ways, each selecting one and playing at racing with it until it was time to get back for the next explosion.

Hal was so delighted with the proceedings that he could have watched them the whole afternoon; but Ned soon began to tire and to cast about for some variation in their amusement. Now there was not a more rash, headstrong boy in the whole village than Ned Arm-

strong; no other ringleader in feats of daring or mischief was needed when he made one of the crowd. This afternoon as he watched the big ice cakes floating so smoothly and swiftly down the current, it flashed into his mind how jolly it would be to have a ride on one of them! What a splendid raft it would make! In view of the danger, any ordinary boy would not have entertained the idea for a moment. It was nothing short of madness. But Ned was not an ordinary boy. You could hardly have offended him more than by hinting that he was; to be out of the ordinary was his pride and delight.

"Say, Hal," he burst out suddenly, "I've got it—the best fun you ever had in your life."

"What is it?" asked Hal eagerly.

"Why, to have a ride on one of those cakes. It'll be a first-class circus."

"Chut! Ned. You wouldn't dare try that!"

"Just wouldn't I? Come along! We'll stand on that point until a big one comes by and then jump on. We can jump off again when we like, you know."

So saying, Ned Armstrong ran out to a point where the current turned the corner, as it were, and the cakes in passing rubbed close against it so that there was no difficulty in getting on one. Partly carried away by his companion's example and partly in hopes of dissuading him from his foolhardy project Hal, who was a rather cautious, prudent lad, followed closely, and in another moment they were standing together on the point with the great ice cakes whirling past at their very feet.

"Now then, Hal!" cried Ned. "We'll each jump on one and have a race in dead earnest. We can jump off, you know, before we come to the road bridge."

"No, no, Ned! It's too dangerous," urged Hal, now realizing the folly of the thing. "Let's go back."

"Tut, man, you're afraid; you've got no pluck."

"I've plenty of pluck, Ned; you needn't say that. But I'm not going to make a fool of myself," returned Hal warmly.

"Who's a fool? Come along—if you're not a coward," cried Ned, growing angry too.

"I won't, Ned, and you sha'n't either, if I can help it," and suiting his action to his word, Hal caught hold of Ned's arm.

"Just you take your hands off me, softy—I'm off! You can go home to your mother," sneered Ned, and breaking away from his companion, he sprang out upon a huge cake which just then rubbed against the point and went careening down the current, exclaiming boastfully, "How is this for fun?"

Completely taken aback at Ned's sudden action, Hal stood motionless for a moment, gazing upon his playmate speeding along to what he felt sure was certain death. Then full of fear, he ran over the ice after him, calling out:

"Ned, Ned, jump off! You'll go over the falls!"

But Ned's only answer was to take off his hat and swing it around his head with a shout:

"Hurrah for the ice-ship! What a time we are having!"

Under the dark arch of the railway bridge and out upon the other side, the ice cake with its foolish freight rushed rapidly, its speed increasing every minute. Soon it reached the broad expanse between the railway and the road bridges, and Hal, who was doing his best to keep up, noted with increased alarm that it kept well out in the middle of the current, so that it was impossible for Ned to jump off, try as hard as he might. All at once Ned apparently noticed this too, and began to show signs of alarm, running from side to side of the swaying ice raft, and anxiously measuring the distance between it and the border-ice. Just beside the road bridge there was an eddy where the water curled about the shore abutment. If the ice cake only got into that eddy its passenger would be safe.

Ned's danger had now become known, and the shore was lined with people watching his perilous voyage and shouting to him all sorts of advice. One man, instead of wasting time in giving advice, procured a long rope and, going out to the extreme edge of the stationary ice, flung it toward Ned, who grasped frantically at it; but it fell short, and the cake went on its way more rapidly than ever.

The road bridge drew near, but the ice cake still kept well out in the center of the current, and there seemed small chance of its getting into the eddy. Frantic with fear, Ned Armstrong seized his hat and using it as a paddle made desperate efforts to guide his clumsy craft toward this only haven of safety. But he might as well have tried to send it back against the re-

sistless current. The ponderous ice block utterly refused to be guided. It went steadfastly on its way, dipping and rising as the surface of the water broke up into turbulent whirls with the approach to the falls, whose sullen roar began to make itself distinctly heard.

In another minute the road bridge would be reached and realizing that it was the last chance the man who had the rope ran with all his might toward the span under which the cake must pass in order to try another fling. Had he been only a few seconds sooner he might have succeeded, but he was just that much too late ; and again the rope fell short, although Ned nearly tumbled off the ice in his eager endeavor to secure it. A shout of horror went up from the people who lined the river banks and crowded the bridge, gazing helplessly at the unhappy lad sweeping so swiftly on.

Between the bridge and the falls there now remained only an open space, scarce more than one hundred yards in length, in which the waters, as if rebelling against the leap before them, broke forth into angry foam-crested waves in whose midst the low-lying ice raft was tossed and tumbled about so that the boy upon it had hard work to keep erect. Half paralyzed with terror, he stood there in the sight of hundreds of his fellow-creatures, not one of whom could interpose between him and death—a sight to wring the stoutest heart. One instant more and he would take the awful plunge !

But stay ! A shout goes up from the agonized spectators. Who is it that comes springing with tremendous strides across the frail-looking structure which

spans the river at the very edge of the falls? The "stop-log bridge" they call it, because in summer time when the river is low, an under portion dams up the water so that the mill wheels may be well supplied. In freshet time the furious swollen stream rises to a few feet from the top, and it is along this narrow footway that a man, who is at once recognized as "Big Alec," the stalwart foreman of the mill, is now seen rushing.

The ice cake dashes swiftly toward the "stop-log," but Big Alec is quicker. He reaches the spot right under which the cake must pass in its headlong rush; he flings himself face downward on the beams; he leans far over the edge, his long sinewy arms stretched to their utmost length. Straight toward him comes the ice cake. He shouts fiercely. Ned, looking up, sees him and understands. He turns to face him, and, just as the shadow of the bridge falls upon the ice, he puts all his strength into one wild leap toward the outstretched arms. He does not miss them—he is caught fast in their iron grip—for one awful moment he sways above the raging torrent and the spectators hold their breath in sickening apprehension; then with a gigantic effort Big Alec swings the boy clear up upon the bridge and stands beside him trembling in every nerve and muscle, while a shout that rivals the roar of the falls goes up from the overjoyed on-lookers.

One of the first to be at Ned Armstrong's side was Hal Roberts, the tears of joy streaming down his cheeks as he threw his arms around his playmate who had thus been saved on the very brink.

# The Professor's Last Skate.



"OH, PROFESSOR, won't you join our skating party to-morrow? We intend to go up as far as Bankside. The river is a perfect sheet of glass, they say. Nearly all the class are going and we would like so much to have you take us in charge!" exclaimed Charlie Hurd, all in one breath, as he somewhat unceremoniously broke in upon the quiet of Professor Owen's study one Friday evening in December just after winter had settled upon the land.

The boys all liked the professor, even if he did insist with a firmness that knew no compromise upon their mastering the exact relations between "a" and "x" and being able to cross the "Asses' Bridge" without falling over. As the new professor of mathematics at Elmwood College he had rapidly won the affection not less than the respect of the students by

being not only a thorough teacher, but also a leader in all their athletic exercises, taking his part in cricket, football, rowing, and other sports with a boyish vim and unfailing skill that made him quite a hero among his pupils. The game never seemed to them so lively as when Sidney Owen, throwing aside his professional severity with his official gown, ranged himself on the weakest side and went so vigorously to work as to be a good match for any two of the other players.

When, therefore, Charlie Hurd, with a precipitation for which he felt bound to apologize, interrupted the professor's reading that winter evening, he fully counted upon a favorable reply to his breathless request. A professor who could bat, bowl, kick, dodge, run, and row like theirs must certainly be able to skate also, and the next day being Saturday, the class had arranged to spend their half-holiday in skating up the river to Bankside—a good six miles as the crow flies—coming back in time for dinner with appetites worthy of the ancient Norsemen. The ice was reported perfect, the weather seemed propitious, the only thing lacking to make the programme complete was that the professor should lead them in their ringing race up the river, now gleaming so invitingly between its tree-clad banks, and the boys felt pretty confident of securing this.

But to Charlie's great disappointment Professor Owen shook his head decidedly, saying that he never skated now. The request also seemed to awaken some painful recollections, for after giving his answer he sat for some moments looking into the fire in silence. Then sud-

denly arousing himself the professor told his crestfallen visitor that if he cared to listen he would explain why—although he had been passionately fond of skating once—he had not put on skates for more than six years past. This was the professor's story:

"When I was in my senior year at Dalhousie University, which, as perhaps you know, Charlie, is not far from a great chain of lakes stretching one beyond the other far up into the country, I went out one Saturday afternoon for a long skate, intending to go as far as the head of the third lake at all events. My chum had promised to come with me, but unfortunately broke one of his spring skates in putting them on, and had to turn back. The afternoon was altogether too fine to be wasted, so I set off alone, hoping to pick up a companion on the way. A better day for a good long skate could not have been wished. The air was keen and bracing; the sunlight flashed merrily back from the glittering bosom of the lake; and as I launched out from the shore I felt as though my muscles were made of steel and my bones of brass and that I could never tire.

"The first lake was dotted all over with circling skaters in groups and couples, the sharp ring of the steel and the joyous voices of the wearers vibrating through the air all around me. The wind blew smartly down the lake, but I did not mind that and, being fresh, made good time up to its head where a quick dash over the thin ice in the run between the lakes took me out into the open again. Much to my disappointment I had seen no one whom I cared to ask to join me.

"A short breathing spell and I was off again with four miles of superb ice lying before me, and almost all to myself. Few skaters had ventured beyond the run. Bending low, so as to present as little mark as possible for the wind, which had freshened somewhat, I sped along exulting in the glorious exercise and shouting aloud for very delight. One by one the four miles swiftly slipped behind me. Soon the upper end of the second lake drew near. But the pace now began to tell upon me a little, so on arriving at the top I rested awhile in a sheltered cove before assailing lake number three, which was reached through a narrow cut where a canal had been once upon a time.

"Not a living creature, bird or beast, broke the majestic solitude of this great glassy expanse as I stood upon its verge. For a moment I felt tempted to leave it unscarred by my intrusive skates. But I had come to conquer it and there must be no turning back now.

"By the time these last three lonely miles were covered, my muscles clamored unmistakably for rest, so I threw myself down on a bank of moss where the wind could not get at me, lit my pipe, and puffed away peacefully until the setting sun plainly hinted that it was full time to be pushing homeward if I would reach the foot of the first lake before dark. With the wind now blowingly strongly at my back I sped down the ice, reveling in what seemed the very luxury of motion. I had scarcely more to do than lift and guide my feet. The wind supplied the motive power, and mile after mile of flawless ice flew past me with inspiring speed.

The third lake was soon left to its former solitude. Dashing through the canal I shot out on the second, determined to win my race with the daylight.

"I had gone about half-way down the lake when my evil genius suggested skating backward a little while for a change, and still further prompted me to try the 'locomotive.' You know, I suppose, Charlie, what an intricate and rapid step that is. Well, I had just reached full speed at it, and my skates were rattling over the hard ice like a pair of castanets, when suddenly a wicked little piece of wood firmly imbedded in the ice, caught one of my blades; a sickening thrill of apprehension quivered through me, and then in a flash I was hurled upon my back, my legs tangled up together, and my head striking the ice with a terrible thud that sent me into unconsciousness.

"It must have been at least five minutes before my senses came back to me, and several minutes more before I could think clearly enough to realize what had happened. My first impulse was of course to regain my feet, but on attempting to do so an awful pang of agonizing pain shot up from my right leg just above the ankle and I almost became unconscious again. 'Can it be possible,' I thought, 'that my leg is broken?'

"Just picture my position to yourself, Charlie. Two miles yet to the foot of the lake; not a soul within sight or hearing; the darkness coming on rapidly; the cold steadily increasing—what else could a broken leg mean than a dreadful lingering death? And my leg was broken! Clean and sharp just above the ankle,

the bone had been snapped by the violence of my fall. The slightest movement gave me excruciating pain. Utterly bewildered, I at first shouted madly at the top of my voice in the poor hope that some belated skater might possibly be within hearing; but no answer came back to me save the mocking echo of my own cries. There was clearly no chance of human aid.

"To save my life I must solve the tremendous problem of getting over several miles of ice with my right leg worse than useless. As a first essay at the solution of this problem I tried rolling over and over toward the land. The agony was too dreadful; the progress accomplished was almost imperceptible. Then I attempted to wriggle along upon my stomach, using my arms much as a seal would its flippers under similar circumstances. But I gave this up in despair after making a few yards' headway. Only one expedient now remained to me. That failing, I might resign myself hopelessly to the death which hovered so near. It was to get upon my hands and knees, and disregarding the fearful suffering involved, crawl along in that way as fast as possible. Adopting this plan I found to my great delight, that my progress was very encouraging, while the torture, intense as you can easily understand it was, did not seem much worse than when lying still.

"So I toiled onward through the deepening darkness, pausing often for a rest, growing steadily weaker, but persevering with the grim energy of one who fights for his life, until at length after what seemed interminable hours, hours whose supreme suffering can never be

forgotten, I reached the bottom of the lake. Dragging myself up on the shore for a brief halt, I thanked God that I had fought off death thus far at all events.

"The thought gave me courage, and as I lay prone enjoying the few minutes' respite, the dear old moon showed her kindly silver face above the crest of the hill before me, and poured a flood of welcome light over the distance yet to be traversed before I could count upon obtaining human aid. Full of hope I slipped down to the ice again, and resumed my pilgrimage. Ah! Charlie, imagine my horror when I found myself so chilled and exhausted as to be entirely unable to make even a hundred yards. There were nearly three miles yet ahead of me! After having fought so well it seemed too cruel altogether that I should fail when almost within sight of succor.

"Lying on my back, with my face upturned to the stars flashing like diamonds through the pure air, I besought the God who set them there not to abandon me now. My limbs had long been chilled to the bone, and the chill now began to creep into my vitals; so cold had I become that the broken leg hardly pained me at all. The languor which precedes death by freezing, stole sweetly over my senses. Once I lapsed into unconsciousness, but revived, and was again drifting away, when a familiar whistle, coming from the shadows of the eastern shore, pierced shrilly through the air.

"Rousing myself by a tremendous effort I sat up and shouted for help with all my remaining strength. To my indescribable joy I caught an answering call,

and then a stalwart skater dashed out of the dark shadows of the hill and came toward me at topmost speed. In another moment he was bending over me with a face as full of joy and glad relief as my own; for who was it, Charlie, but my faithful chum who, missing me from the dinner table, had become anxious, and borrowing a pair of skates set off in search of me? Exhausted as I was, I just had time to murmur, 'My leg is broken,' before fainting dead away.

"When half an hour later I came to myself, I was lying comfortably on a mattress in the bottom of an express wagon, well wrapped up in warm blankets, and my dear old chum sitting close beside me waiting impatiently for the first sign of returning consciousness. As I looked up inquiringly, he motioned me to silence, the tears brimming his eyes as he whispered: 'It was a close call, dear boy, but thank God, old Charon won't have you for a passenger this trip.'

"I afterward learned that in order to get me to land he had to cut down a small spruce tree and lash me to it with two long straps he fortunately happened to have at hand, on which rude litter he drew me gently to the foot of the lake. There a wagon was easily procured, and the rest of the homeward journey soon accomplished. What with the broken leg, the long exposure to the cold, and the terrible strain to which both nerves and muscles had been subjected, cricket had taken the place of skating before I was myself again.

"So, Charlie, if I do disappoint you by not joining you to-morrow, you will admit I have a good reason."

# Over the Dam.



THE BOYS of Massawippi looked upon the big mill pond as one of their very best friends. In the hot days of summer they dived into its dark depths in quest of coolness or voyaged over its placid surface on board all sorts of craft, from a bundle of planks to the comfortable boat owned by the miller's son.

In winter they skated upon its ice-clad bosom, and had glorious games of hockey and chase up and down its glassy length.

It was an unusually large pond, a small lake, in fact, which had been created by building a large dam across the foot of the valley, and it furnished sufficient water power to drive half a dozen mills. But it had to work for only one, Mr. Fairman's carding and grist mill, which had a thriving trade, doing all of the business for an extensive tract of prosperous country.

None of the boys appreciated the pond more keenly than Ned Burbank. He was expert in both swimming and skating, and if one wanted to find him out of school hours, it was pretty safe to look for him at Fairman's pond. Always the last to give up bathing in it and the first to begin skating upon it, he came in course of time to feel a sort of proprietary interest in the pond and to regard it as quite incredible that any harm could ever happen to him there.

Yet he had once come very near to being drowned there before he had learned to swim, and another time broke through the early ice at imminent risk of his life. These adventures, however, he looked upon as mere incidents of his callow youth, not likely to be repeated.

That his beloved pond should treat him in the manner about to be related, gave him therefore hardly less pain than surprise. It seemed like a betrayal of confidence which somehow reflected upon himself as having been too trustful. This was the way it happened:

After a long, cold winter which had afforded more than a usual amount of skating, Mr. Fairman's men began cutting the ice to store it away for summer use.

This operation the boys watched with lively interest. They gave the benefit of their services too when the ice cutters were willing to accept of them.

Ned Burbank was in his element. For the sake of being allowed to stay about, he was willing to take a hand at anything. Now he would be handling a saw and again poling a detached block of ice to the place where the teams awaited it.

"Hi, boys, this is fun for me!" he called to a group of his playmates who were looking enviously on as he piloted a huge block with a pike-pole along the canal to the loading ground.

"Why don't you jump aboard?" called out Sam Porter. "It would be easier than walking.

Now the very same idea had before this come into Ned's mind but, daring as his spirit was, the experiment seemed too hazardous to attempt. So, in reply to Sam's question, he shook his head and went on as he had been doing. Had Sam said nothing more, that would have been the end of the matter, but as it happened, he was a kind of rival of Ned's, and his jealous feelings prompted him to shout in a taunting tone:

"You won't do it because you daren't, Ned! You're scared; that's about the size of it."

It is always irritating to be challenged in this way and cooler heads than Ned possessed have been thus tempted into folly.

Ned's spirit rose at once. "I'm not a bit afraid," he responded hotly; "and I'll soon show you."

As he spoke a huge cake broke off from the outer edge of the main body of ice, and began to move slowly downward toward the dam.

Fired with the notion of proving his pluck, Ned lightly vaulted on to this cake, purposing to pole it back to its place; but as ill-luck would have it, instead of landing squarely on his feet, he slipped, and in a violent effort to recover himself, lost hold of the pole, which fell into the water out of his reach.

On seeing this the boys set up a shout of alarm that attracted the attention of the ice cutters, who promptly rushed to the spot, only to find that the cake on which Ned stood had been carried by the current beyond reach of their poles, so that they could render him no aid.

One of them threw his pole across the open water, and Ned catching it strove, by using it as a paddle, to check the downward progress of his clumsy raft, but his frantic efforts were in vain.

With steadily increasing speed the ice cake moved toward the dam amid the futile cries of his companions and the shouts of the men, who now fully realized the boy's extreme peril.

"Try and swim ashore!" called out somebody, and for a moment Ned thought of making the attempt; but the dark water looked so mercilessly cold that he felt sure he could not swim a stroke in it, so he shook his head as though to say, "It's no use; it can't be done."

Onward moved the ice. The water was rushing and roaring over the dam in full flood, so that the top timbers were scarcely visible and, as Ned neared it, he made up his mind there was only one chance for life.

At intervals along the top of the dam stout posts stood up above the rest of the structure. As the ice cake came sweeping on, seeming to gather impetus for the leap over the dam, Ned stood on the lower edge, and the instant before it toppled over the falls he summoned all his strength for a spring toward one of the posts.

He did not quite reach it, and for a harrowing minute had a desperate struggle with the torrent that sought to hurl him after the ice cake.

By dint of a tremendous effort, however, he gained his point, and throwing his arm around the post, turned an eager appealing face toward the group of men and boys who were watching his every movement with intense anxiety.

"Can't you help me some way?" he cried to them across the surging waters.

Hitherto they had done nothing but gaze at him with staring eyes; now they woke into action and ran hither and thither in wild haste to be of service.

One of the men rushed to the mill and procuring a coil of rope made his way as near to Ned as he could and tried to throw the end out to him. But he could not fling it far enough; his best efforts fell some yards short.

Then another plan suggested itself, to go back to the ice and float the rope down. The end was accordingly tied to a block of wood and committed to the water.

With provoking slowness the block glided down, a man guiding its course as best he could in Ned's direction. Bobbing merrily up and down as though no life was dependent upon its making the right course, the block floated along, while the excited crowd of spectators joined in encouraging shouts of:

"Hold on, Ned; the rope will soon be up to you! Keep your grip. We'll pull you up all right."

Poor Ned's face lighted up with hope when he saw

the scheme. He was chilled almost to the heart, but he responded bravely:

"All right, I'll hold on. But hurry up."

Unhappily it was not possible to hurry up. The block of wood to which the rope was attached had to be carefully guided, and this took time. In breathless anxiety the spectators watched the effort.

"It's going straight for him!" exclaimed Frank Fairman, the miller's eldest son. "He'll get it all right."

Then raising his voice he shouted:

"Keep your hold, Ned; the rope will reach you in a minute!"

After careering about in a most trying fashion, the block at last seemed to make up its mind to do what was required of it and made directly for Ned, whose strength was fast failing him.

Presently a glad shout arose:

"Hurrah! It's reached him—he's got it! Now pull him up!"

Ned had gotten his hand on the block, but in their eagerness to rescue him half a dozen laid hold of the rope, with the result that they gave it such a tug as to pull it quite out of his grasp, causing them to go sprawling on the ice in a manner that at any other time would have been supremely ludicrous.

But no one thought of laughing for, once more at the mercy of the powerful current, Ned shot swiftly backward, and this time struck the dam in the interval between two of the posts, so that there was nothing for

him to hold on by except the smooth, slippery crown piece.

Yet, with a strength born of desperation, he did succeed in grasping this, digging his nails into the wet wood and thereby withstanding the pitiless pressure of the icy waters.

But no human being could sustain such an effort long. Ned's endurance had been taxed to the utmost. Every muscle and sinew had borne all that it was capable of, and just as the rope for the second time came floating down toward him, he gave a heartrending cry, let go his hold and, amid a chorus of groans from the appalled onlookers, was swept over the top of the dam and hurled into the pool forty feet below, whose foam-flecked whirls instantly closed over his head.

There was a wide space of open water at the foot of the dam, and then the ice closed solidly from bank to bank for a distance of three hundred yards, beyond which was another opening caused by a series of shallows.

No one who witnessed his descent into the pool expected ever to see Ned Burbank alive again, yet actuated by a common impulse, they all rushed down the bank with their eyes fixed upon the open water at the shallows. His body must reappear there, unless in some way it should be caught underneath the ice.

Frank Fairman led the crowd. He loved Ned and would have dared anything to aid him had there been an opportunity. As he reached the spot where the white sheet of ice gave way to black and troubled

water, his quick eye caught sight of something that caused him to shout :

"There he is ! I see him !"

The next moment, thinking not of the risk, he bounded down the bank and, springing into the ice-cold water, forced his way through it until he had hold of the limp, apparently lifeless body of his friend.

Some of the men were close behind him, and in another moment Ned was out of the water and being hurried to the miller's house, Frank leading the way and seeking to cheer both himself and the others by asserting confidently :

"He's not dead ; he's only fainted. He'll come to all right."

As it happily turned out, Frank's faith in Ned's recovery proved well founded. The doctor happened to be right at hand. Under his directions life came back to the insensible form, and at the end of an hour Ned was able to ask in a dazed way :

"What's up ? Did I go over the dam ?"

Thanks to his splendid constitution and sturdy frame he suffered slight consequences from his terrible experience, but he did not fail to let it teach him the lesson of greater prudence in the future.




THERE are ghost stories and ghost stories. Some are true in the sense of having at least a slight foundation in physical fact; others are "o'er true" in the sense of being mere inventions of the imagination. Those that I am about to tell may be confidently accepted as belonging to the former class.

## I.

No one that knew Billy Patterson would be likely to accuse him of any lack of courage. He was too sturdy of build and determined of countenance for that. Moreover, he was rather inclined to be boastful of his freedom from nervousness and of his indifference to what might be very startling to a less stolid person.

In the appearance of ghosts he did not believe. No haunted house had any terrors for him, he asserted.

As there happened to be no haunted houses in the neighborhood, this assertion went unchallenged ; but several times he was made the subject of practical jokes intended to give him a scare. In every instance, however, he had gotten the best of it, and his reputation for courage went unscathed until the night he saw the apparition at Shirley's Bay.

Billy was an ardent sportsman and every autumn betook himself to Shirley's Bay to shoot the ducks which came there in great numbers to feed on the wild rice that grew abundantly. His camping ground was a small, well-wooded island at the mouth of the bay. He did not take a tent. The first week in September could be safely counted upon as being free from rain, and there was a sort of shanty on the island that suited him well enough. He reached his camping ground just in time to settle himself in the shanty, gather a lot of firewood, and prepare himself a good supper, whereof he ate heartily ; shortly afterward he rolled up in his blanket and went to sleep. The shanty was all open in front and the fire had been built close to it. Before turning in, Billy put a lot of wood on the fire, for the night air felt rather chilly.

He had been asleep about two hours when he was awakened by something brushing his face, while a warm breath made itself felt upon his cheek. Lifting his head with a start, his eyes met the most extraordinary object they had ever seen ; for standing right over him was a horrible being, only half revealed by fitful flashes from the fast-dying fire, that surely could be no other than

the evil one himself, as shown in theatrical performances. There were the horns, the hoofs, the shaggy, saturnine visage, the blazing eyes, the horrible, sneering smile.

With a piercing cry of terror that startled the ducks dozing among the wild-rice beds and sent them off in quacking flight, Billy, putting all his strength into a frenzied effort, flung the awful apparition from him, so that it fell prone into the glowing embers; and then, rushing frantically to the shore, he sprang into his canoe and paddled to the mainland with strenuous strokes, between every second dip of the paddle glancing fearfully over his shoulder to see if the monster was following him.

A light that sent its friendly rays from a farmhouse window was his beacon, and making his way thither, he related his alarming experience and begged permission to remain for the night. This was readily granted, and the next morning Billy persuaded the burly farmer and his stalwart son to accompany him back to the island in order to make a thorough search into the cause of his fright, if by any chance it could be discovered.

Their search was rewarded with success, and after a fashion that made Billy feel like hiding himself in the toe of his own shoe. Hidden away where the underbrush was thickest they found a huge billy-goat, the burnt patches on whose white and black hide left no doubt as to the owner thereof being the untimely disturber of the other Billy's peaceful slumbers. The latter made the farmer and his son promise not to

"give him away"; but somehow the story leaked out, and after it did he was no longer permitted to boast.

## II.

There was a locality not far from my grandfather's estate, in Nova Scotia, called Beech Hill. The farming folk about had come to believe that this Beech Hill was haunted, and it was with fear and trembling that they passed over it after dark. There were no houses throughout its length, save one about the middle, which certainly was the abode of spirits, but of the kind that dwell in bottles. The evil reputation of the highway just there greatly helped the business of this drinking booth, as it was customary for belated wayfarers returning home from the village to halt for an infusion of "Dutch courage," ere undertaking the remainder of the way.

About a mile beyond Beech Hill stood Squire MacDonald's store. One dreary night in late autumn there came thither first Rory O'More, and then Sandy Big John, and finally, Alec Gillies, all in a high state of excitement and asserting positively that they had seen the ghost on Beech Hill. The squire was a shrewd, hard-headed, and unsuperstitious Scotchman, and had no faith in the Beech Hill ghost.

But this time the testimony of the terrified witnesses happened to agree remarkably. The ghost had appeared to all in precisely the same form, as a white, shapeless thing that rolled along the ground uttering shrill and threatening shrieks. The matter was surely worth looking into.

"Hark ye, now," said the squire at last, "I believe you're nothing better than a parcel of foolish boys; and to prove it, I'll go up Beech Hill myself and see what it is that has come so nigh scaring the life out of you."

Thus speaking, he got his coat and hat and calling upon them to follow set off for the scene of the ghost's walk. Rory and Sandy and Alec would much rather have been excused, but pride overcame their timidity and they followed. Hardly had they reached the foot of the hill when the shrieks again came to their ears.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Rory, with trembling lips. "Can ye no hear it, squire?"

"To be sure I can," responded the squire stoutly, "and I'm going to see what it is. Come along."

The distance between the squire and his followers increased as he went on, while the shrieks grew louder.

When about the middle of the ascent he saw the ghost. It was as the men had reported, a white shapeless thing rolling upon the ground, and from it came the piercing cries which had proved so alarming.

Going straight up to the thing, the squire touched it with his foot, then bent down to feel it with his hand, and then gave a roar of laughter that at first startled the three farmers almost as much as the ghost's shrieks.

"Come here, you fools!" he shouted. "Come and see what your ghost is."

In a hesitating way they drew near and examined the cause of their affright. It was a white meal bag containing two very lively young pigs, which had in some way fallen off a farmer's wagon into the middle of the

road, there to prove a source of terror to the superstitious and perhaps not altogether sober passers-by.

## III.

One would think that after this *exposé* the Beech Hill ghost ought to be laid for good, but a few years later the squire had to lay the ghost again. He had himself been late in leaving the village one night, and on reaching his shop he found gathered there a knot of men eagerly listening to Colin Mackintosh's account of the awful apparition he had just seen on the Beech Hill. It was something large and white, and every time it moved a chain rattled in an awful manner.

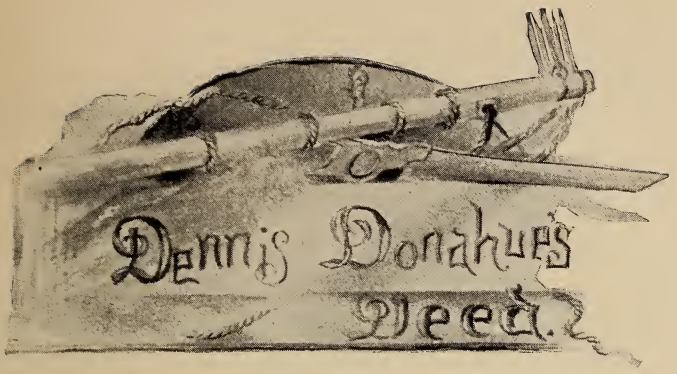
As soon as the squire appeared the startling story was retold to him, but much to the chagrin of the narrator, instead of being deeply impressed thereby he laughed.

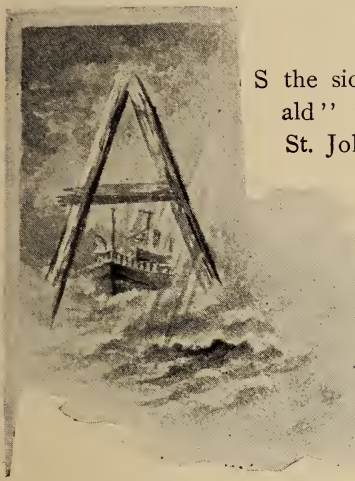
"You're no better than a lot of silly women," said he, "to believe such ridiculous stories. Come ye all out to the door and I'll show you the ghost."

At the door stood his wagon, and in the bottom of it lay one Donald McIsaac, overcome by drink, while fastened to the tailboard was his big white horse.

"There!" cried the squire, pointing to the horse. "That is your ghost, and this," indicating a piece of chain on the bridle, "is what you heard rattle. I found Donald in the ditch with his horse standing by."

Probably the vast majority of ghosts would prove to be nothing more terrible than a white horse, a pair of innocent little pigs, or a billy-goat.



S the side-wheel steamer "Herald" plowed her way through St. John's Harbor and pointed her white prow toward Eastport the wind blew fresh from the dangerous southeast.

It came with gusts of rain that the weather-wise knew to be the forerunners of torrents. But Captain Brown seemed undisturbed by the threatening weather as he stood in the high wheel-house signaling orders by the gong to the engineer below.

No navigator of those dangerous coasts had better

knowledge of their perils than Captain Brown. He was his own pilot and he prided himself on the regularity of his trips. Nothing short of a hurricane would have kept him in port when he ought to have been at sea, according to the schedule.

The "Herald" had a full complement of passengers, and all the freight she could comfortably carry. Therefore her captain was in a cheerful frame of mind when Mr. John Gillis pushed his head in at the window of the wheel-house.

"Captain, don't you think we're going to have a rough trip?" said Mr. Gillis, a nervous, middle-aged merchant.

"Bless your heart, sir, and what if we are?" laughed the captain. "The 'Herald' can stand it all serene. She's faced a deal sight worse blows than is ahead of her to-day, and made her berth on time right enough."

Mr. Gillis wore an encouraged look for several seconds. Then a flaw of rain dashed into his face as though it had been especially flung at him. He held his hat on with both hands and gazed with rising trepidation on the waves wallowing out of the gray storm to strike the ship with audible blows.

These paws of the sea seemed to be playfully smiting the "Herald." But it was with the gradually increasing force of a lion cub, that wonders at the resistance of a little object with which he amuses himself. At a louder slap than any preceding, Mr. Gillis looked from the ocean's face to Captain Brown's.

"Don't be a bit scared, Mr. Gillis," exclaimed the

captain. "This is nothing to what it will be outside."

Mr. Gillis groaned as he carefully descended to the cabin, where he wedged himself tightly into a corner seat and thought his wife and children could never be grateful enough to him for encountering these terrors for their sake.

Down the bay of Fundy the wind blew "great guns" and the "Herald's" tossing became so violent that nearly all the passengers took refuge in their staterooms to struggle with the horrors of seasickness.

"I reckon we are going to have a rough time of it," said the captain to First Mate Donahue, at the wheel. "But if nothing happens, we'll get into Eastport all right before dark."

"Not much fear of our missing that, sir," replied Donahue; "the steamer's doing finely, seeing the wind's dead against her."

They had moved out from the wharf at midday. Six hours' steady steaming should bring them to Eastport. Split Rock and Dipper Harbor were already far behind, and Point Lepreaux was drawing near. Now the wind was a gale and the rain a cascade. Through the dark rack on the right a craggy coast line loomed; on the left the turbid billows of the bay foamed out their fury upon one another's backs. Few sails were in sight, and all were scudding under half-sail for a haven, not daring a defiant tussle with such a storm.

The jib and foresail of the "Herald" had been hoisted to steady her, and were doing good service

opposite Point Lepreaux. Then one of those squalls which are the terror of the bay smote upon the straining canvass. A sailing vessel would have careened till the brunt of the blast went by, but there was no "give" in the deep-laden and stiff steamer. Though the captain and mate put their whole strength to the wheel, they failed to swing her quickly enough to bring her head to the wind.

The squall sprang furiously at the ship, and then pressed her as steadily as though its force were not that of a hurricane. Five seconds—ten seconds—still the captain and the mate watched the bent foremast, with pride in its resistance. Then—crash! the mast gave way, and over the bulwarks toppled a confusion of canvas, cordage, and splintered pine.

Two of the stout steel stays of the mast held still and dragged the wreckage along in the "Herald's" lee. A wave shouldered her on high; on the crest she "teetered" and turned a little, then her bow plunged down but little forward of the mass overboard.

"That wreckage will get into the paddle-wheel!" roared the captain. "Here, you, Jeffers, take the wheel with Mr. Donahue. Donahue, keep her straight if you can." Then he sprang out to the deck, shouting sharp orders to the deck-hands who rushed up from below.

"Cut away that stay, Jack! Cast off that sheet, Mike! Fend off the mast there, Andy!"

The men jumped to their orders just as a mob of passengers poured upstairs.

"Go down; down, I say!" roared the captain. "Clear my decks. Back to the cabin. Give us room and we're all right. Down, I say!"

Before leaving the wheel-house he had rung for the engine to be reversed, and the paddle-wheel had stopped after two more revolutions. But the mischief had been done already. The wreckage, driven right under the big paddle-wheel by the onward motion of the vessel, had become entangled among the floats. A rope caught in one, and drew the jib after. One of the steel guys followed. It lifted the mast against the paddle-wheel, and the "Herald" had lost all power to move. Not one foot forward could she go till the paddle-wheel should be liberated.

In ordinary weather this would be no light matter; but crowded as the bay usually was with shipping, help would no doubt have speedily come. But in the midst of a gale, with the wind driving the vessel straight upon the terrible headland of Point Lepreaux, the situation of the steamer was full of peril.

Down below, one hundred and twenty-seven passengers huddled together in panic. Some, not altogether bereft of sense, began preparations to save themselves when the steamer should strike. A cool spectator might have thought some of their actions comical. Mr. Gillis, taking handkerchiefs from his gripsack, tied six stools tightly together, quite overlooking the fact that his improvised raft was too big to be gotten out of the cabin.

Another passenger emptied his two trunks and strapped them together. Several turned tables upside

down, sat in them, and held desperately on by the legs. Then a dandified young man came with an armful of flat cork life-preservers, and coolly tossed them around. When all these were gone, he still held a circular or ring float.

"Give me that if you're a man!" shrieked a middle-aged lady of great girth.

"With pleasure, madame," he said, and he had his reward in watching her frantic effort to get into a hole not large enough to accommodate her shoulders. Suddenly she threw it down, cried "Coward!" and waddled after the crowd that had run for the rest of the cork floats.

Up on deck there was no funny element to be seen. The steamer, lying now in the trough, was momentarily hammered by the broken mast. Though the main-stays of steel rope had now been cut away from the deck, the wreckage was firmly held to the paddle-box. Against it the "Herald" was more and more pressed by the fierce wind. Three men had entered the paddle-box, and returned to report that there was a tangle of canvas and rope and wire lower down than they dared to venture.

"We're in a bad fix, Donahue," said the captain.

"Faith, we are, sir."

"If we don't get the wheel clear inside of an hour we'll be on the point."

"We've got to get it clear, sir."

"'Got to'—yes. 'Got to.' But how? That's the question. Great heavens! There are a hundred

and thirty souls aboard! And I'm at the end of my plans."

"Faith, then, I'm not, sir. Give me that axe, Mike!" he yelled to one of the deck hands.

"What are you going to try, Dennis?" cried the captain.

"There's only one thing, captain. That's to get the wheel clear."

"But how? how? There's nothing to be done."

"Let me try, captain. Hoy there, men!" roared Dennis, suddenly taking command; "up on the paddle-box with you! Cut away the boarding! Mike, fetch me a couple of cold-chisels and a heavy hammer from the engine-room. That's right, boys; smash a big hole. Don't hurt the frame timber. Captain, I'll go down the floats and see what I can do. You stand by to pass me the tools I'll be calling for."

"You'll be drowned, Dennis. See the roll of her! You'll be under water half the time."

"What of that, sir? It's the one chance for the boat."

"Man alive, but you're a sailor!" cried the delighted captain. "Dennis, I'll go down with you."

"Faith, you won't, sir! You're a family man; and more than that, it's your captain's duty to command. Now then, boys; stand back till I get into that hole."

Now the helpless steamer was burying her gunwales at every roll. The higher crests broke upon the decks, and flung heavy caps of water through the smashed windows of the saloon, against the panic-stricken pas-

sengers. Some clung to the posts that held up the cabin roof; some were flung against the walls; some lay moaning; and more crouched in prayer.

Meanwhile the man who risked his life to save them, was holding to the floats as the ship, listing far to leeward, completely buried him in the sea. When she rocked him up again he plied cold-chisel and hammer.

Donahue had soon seen that the place where work was really needed was on a float at the rear of the paddle-box, near where that structure rose from the timbers carrying the upper deck. Had the "Herald" been lying quietly at her wharf, that float would have been a little higher out of water than the main deck floor. It was the last float which had gone up into the paddle-box after coming from the water.

Up above this float, and over to the front of the wheel, the rope and jib had been drawn, after going under the paddle-wheel. Behind them came the wire rope. This had been drawn in till it became taut by pulling the mast against the front of the wheel-box, where it protruded above the water.

Had the wire rope's end been fastened to the sail the job of freeing the float would have been less difficult. But the sail had enwrapped the wire in such a way as to draw its loose end over the float and drop it down when the wheel stopped.

In some inexplicable manner, possibly by the rocking of the ship and the action of the waves, the loose end of the wire rope had become entangled in the wreckage below, after passing over the float. Donahue

saw that it must be cut loose at the low float, else it would continue to act as a brake on the wheel. The rope and sail higher up had already been torn away by the men after they had cut away the boarding of the paddle-box.

He clambered down with cold-chisel and hammer, struck twice and went under as the ship careened. Over, over she listed, till the men above had to lean against the box to keep their footing. Then she slowly uprose.

The captain, looking down the great hole cut out of the boarding, saw his mate's head come up. Donahue shook it, raised his hammer and struck again. Once, twice,—six times—he disappeared again under the sea.

No man can strike well in so small a space as that which was left for Donahue's working, even if dry and warm and steadily supported. A quarter of an hour passed. The ship was within a mile of the breakers pounding on Point Lepreaux, and still the steel rope was uncut.

Time and again the mate went under, time and again doggedly resumed his endeavor. Each time the vessel seemed to list more, and each minute the wind and waves grew.

"He can't live down there ten minutes longer. Go down and take your turn, Jack," cried the captain.

"Not for the ship," said Jack.

"You, Mike."

"Not a fut for all the gould in St. John," said Mike.

"Then I'll go myself!" exclaimed the captain angrily.

But at that instant the steamer was pressed over by a wilder wind than any before. Down went Donahue, down and down. The passengers cried with fear, for now at last they were sure she would "turn turtle." When she righted Donahue was not to be seen.

"He's gone!" "He lost his hold and went under!" "He's drowned!" cried the deck hands, gazing down into the paddle-box.

Captain Brown said nothing. He prepared to act. The one chance for his passengers and ship seemed to be that he might complete Donahue's work. Moreover, he was goaded to effort by shame that his mate had been left to die alone.

Captain Brown entered the paddle-box as the vessel was rising. As he looked down he saw a man's hands clinging to the wire-bound float. Next moment Donahue's head appeared. He clambered feebly above reach of the water and sat down. Captain Brown descended to him.

"Donahue! Man alive, I thought you were gone."

"So I was. I lost my grip. Somehow the wreckage stopped me and I caught on, I don't know how, as she came down again. Are we near shore?"

"Half a mile."

"My God—the people on board! Captain, get me a saw. Maybe I can saw through the float and let the wire go. I can't cut it through."

"I'll do it, Donahue. You're used up."

"Get the saw!" shouted Donahue.

When he had it in his hand he descended again to the float and went under, and came forth and went under again and again. But the men above thought he never stopped sawing. Death seemed eagerly waiting for them, but they broke into cheer after cheer as they beheld the resolute man rise sawing away as if he had never ceased, while submerged, to work for their lives.

The "Herald" was within a quarter of a mile of Point Lepreaux when Donahue looked up, stopped sawing, and signaled, "Go ahead."

"Come up," cried the captain.

Donahue tried to lift himself, but he was exhausted.

"Go ahead," he signaled again.

"I'd sooner lose the ship, mate!" shouted Captain Brown, and he clambered down to Donahue just in time to prevent him from being washed away as both went under.

Then Captain Brown struggled up till the men took his mate from his grasp. Donahue was still able to speak. "Go ahead," he said. "The float will break away now, and she'll clear herself."

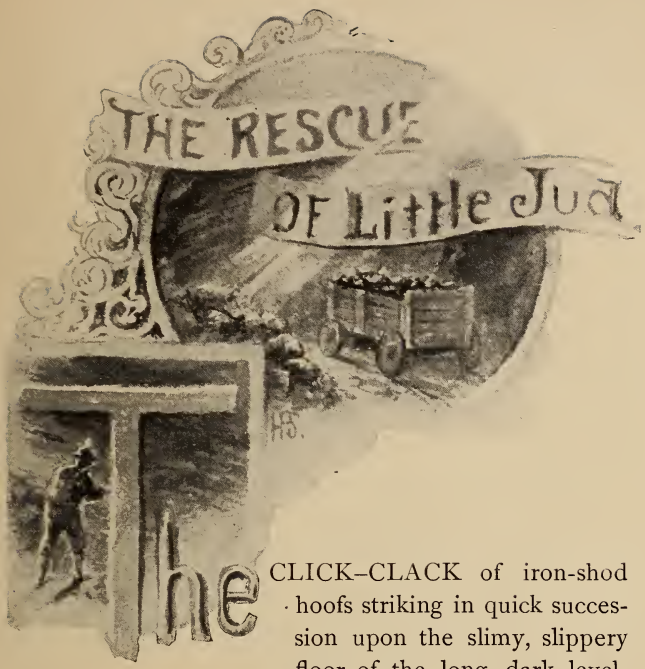
The captain sprang up to the wheel-house and rang the order. The machinery began to move. For a moment there was resistance. Then the sawed float broke away and released the wire rope. The mast fell back to the water. Both port and starboard wheels turned freely in their boxes. The steamer soon answered her helm.

With the crags of Point Lepreaux so close to her that a child on deck might have hit them with a biscuit, the "Herald" once more breasted the waves.

On she went across Mace's Bay, past the dreaded "Wolves," around Head Harbor Point and down the eastern passage to Eastport, reaching her berth in safety ere the darkness fell.

A large purse was raised for Dennis Donahue by the hundred and thirty people on board, and they showered thanks on his heroism. Dennis laughingly refused the purse, and was uneasy under the expressions of gratitude.

"Ah, thin, what a talk about nothing," said Dennis. "Sure I was only doing me duty by the ould "Herald" and the company's passengers and me captain. Give me a purse, is it? Bedad, I'd have no conceit of meself at all if I touched a thripenny bit that ye've raised."




THE CLICK–CLACK of iron-shod hoofs striking in quick succession upon the slimy, slippery floor of the long, dark level, the repeating rattle of the "rake" as the chain of coal tubs is called, and the growing glimmer of a "Davy," told Dannie Robertson, one of the "trappers" in the Springhill Mines, of the approach of Dave Norris, the driver whose route lay through Dannie's door.

The young trapper was sharply on the watch for the rake, and did not need Dave's cheery call of "Hello, there, Dannie! Here we are again. Wake up, now, and open that door," in order to be ready to fling open the heavy door which he tended during the long days of darkness. He and Dave were great friends, and

the latter's passing to and fro between the cuttings and the shaft, his little train of cars roaring down full and rattling back empty, formed almost the only break in the monotony of Dannie's dreary task.

It was the way at the Springhill Mines for each driver to take a trapper under his special patronage and protection. Sometimes, of course, this meant a certain amount of bullying on the one side and of fagging on the other, but usually it turned out a good arrangement for the little trapper, who was thus assured of a sturdy champion in case of need. Dave Norris was Dannie's protector, and always treated him with a rough but hearty kindness that had completely won the boy's heart. Often on his way back from the shaft he would stop for a bit of a chat, provided there was no sign of the overman. To Dannie's delight he checked his old gray horse this time, and as soon as the big door had been duly closed the trapper ran after his friend and climbed into the car beside him.

"How's it going, Dave?" said he, a bright smile breaking through the grime on his plump face.

"All serene, Dannie," was the reply. "But say, I've made a match for you," Dave went on quickly, for his halt could be only a short one. "Tom Hogan says his trapper can knock spots out of you, and I've bet him he can't. So we fixed it for you to fight him in the big cutting at dinner hour to-morrow. You'll be all ready, eh?"

The smile had vanished from Dannie's face while the driver was speaking, and had they both been above

ground Dave could hardly have failed to notice, even through the obscuring layer of coal dust, the burning blush that had risen. But though he could not see this, he did observe Dannie's hesitation in replying, and mistaking its reason, hastened to add :

"Oh, it'll be all right about the door. We'll get one of the other boys to look after it, and we'll keep a sharp lookout for the overman, so there's no fear of your being caught."

Still Dannie, instead of giving a brisk assent, as Dave had fully expected him to do, hung his head in silence, and in a tone of surprise not unmixed with irritation, the driver demanded :

"What's up with you, Dannie? Why are you so mum?"

It was evidently with great difficulty that Dannie, looking steadfastly downward, as though shrinking from Dave's inquiring gaze, got out the words, "I'd rather not fight, Dave. I don't want to have any more fights."

Dave's response was first a whistle of astonishment and then a torrent of indignant questioning and protesting, winding up with a round of coarse abuse when his temper had altogether got the better of him. From his point of view, Dannie's conduct was both aggravating and unreasonable in the highest degree. Never before had the boy taken this stand ; he had always responded promptly to any such summons, and with unfailing success. Time and time again had Dave Norris' trapper taken his place in the extemporized

ring in the big cutting, and amidst the cheers of the black-faced miners proved his superiority at fisticuffs to any other trapper in the mine. What then could be the meaning of his holding back now? Was it possible that he feared to face Tom Hogan's trapper, a new boy in the mine, whose prowess was yet to be tested?

It would perhaps have been better if Dannie had attempted to explain his conduct to Dave, but a shyness he could not overcome sealed his lips, and presently Dave drove off in a high dudgeon, leaving Dannie in a very miserable state of mind.

"I'm sorry Dave's so mad," he muttered. "But I can't help it. I promised Mr. Stirling I'd never fight unless I had to. It's against the rules of the Brigade, and I'm not going to break them even to oblige Dave."

This was Dannie's secret. Only a fortnight before he had joined the Boy's Brigade in connection with the Sunday-school of St. Matthew's Church. Mr. Stirling, the pastor of the church and commander of the Brigade, knew of these prize-fights in the pit, and was doing his best to put a stop to them. Hence he was especially careful in enjoining upon his recruits that they should never take part in another fight.

The next morning Dave renewed his efforts to persuade Dannie to fight, but with no better success than before, and finally went off vowing that he'd have nothing more to do with him, and that he'd make him the laughingstock of the mine.

It was a trying ordeal through which the poor boy had now to pass. Dave fulfilled his threat only too well, and Dannie's life was made wretched by his pitiless taunts and the outspoken contempt of the other men in the mine.

"I'm not a coward," the tormented trapper would say to himself. "Dave knows very well I'm not, and it's awfully mean of him to call me such names."

The fact of the matter was that the driver did know it very well indeed, but he had hoped to win money from Tom Hogan through Dannie's prowess, and the boy's persistent refusal to fight nettled him sorely.

It was therefore an unspeakable relief to the latter when the overman, pleased with the fidelity and promptness he showed as trapper, promoted him to the driver's box, giving him a route over in another part of the mine from that in which he had been working. He thus got out of reach of Dave's ridicule and could perform his day's duties in comparative peace.

He now in his turn had a trapper to lord it over, and was able, if he chose, to take satisfaction out of him for the insults and indignities he had had to bear himself. But that was not the way Dannie looked at the matter. Poor little Jud Farris' experience in the mine had been a very trying one. Naturally of a nervous temperament, the drivers soon discovered his failing and took pleasure in frightening him half out of his wits. A favorite trick was to blow out their lamps, rub their hands with matches until the phosphorus caused them to shine with a ghostly glimmer, and then

make the hair of the terrified trapper stand on end by bearing down silently upon him, holding one hand before the face. When thus frightened Jud never failed to dive under his seat without delay, and to remain there until his tormentors had passed out of sight.

Instead of continuing these tricks, Dannie took little Jud, who was only ten years old, under his protection, and would not allow any one to tease him if he could prevent it ; so the youngster's lot was greatly lightened, and he learned to look up to Dannie and to love him with all the strength of his heart.

One memorable Saturday in the month of February everything had been running as smoothly as usual in the mine, and the pit boys were in high spirits because of the nearness of their weekly holiday. Little Jud was at his door ; and Dannie Robertson, having hitched up to a long rake of "empties," was driving along gayly inside, his mind full of pleasant thoughts of the morrow, for Sunday was the happiest day in the week to him ; when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a whirlwind of dust struck him full in the face with such fearful force as to hurl him almost senseless to the ground, his head getting a deep gash at the back where it struck the iron rail.

The next instant an awful wave of devouring flame swept over the prostrate boy, accompanied by a roaring as of the loudest thunder.

So terrible was the violence of the explosion that it lifted Dannie from the floor of the level and reversed his position, turning his head toward the bottom of the

pit instead of in the direction from which the explosion had come.

For some seconds he lay motionless. Then he staggered to his feet and started for the pit bottom. The heat was intense and the air choking with foul vapor. The deadly foe of the miner, the fatal after-damp, would soon be upon him. His piteous cries for help brought no response save the roar and crash of the falling roof and timbers.

Leaning for a moment against the side of the level he found it yielding, and sprang away just in time to save himself from being overwhelmed.

Then a fresh terror revealed itself. His clothes were on fire ! Saturated as they were with oil from his lamp and from the oil boxes of the coal tubs, the fierce flame had ignited them and they were burning in many places. In frenzied haste he tore off his coat and vest, burning his hands badly, but ridding himself of danger from that source. Then he plunged on again in the appalling darkness, groping his way with his blistered hands.

Then there fell upon his ears, piercing the unfathomable gloom, a pitiful cry of, "Little Jud ! Help, help ! Save little Jud !" Badly burned, almost blinded, and bleeding as he was, the instinct of rescue rose uppermost in the heart of Dannie Robertson, notwithstanding, and finding the hopelessly bewildered little trapper near the shattered fragments of his door just about to rush off in the wrong direction, he seized his hand and hurried him along toward the shaft.

It was a frightful journey for two boys to make. Huge boulders and lumps of coal, sometimes piled up almost to the roof, obstructed their way, so that they had to crawl upon all fours. Great masses of timber were tangled in wild confusion. Several men passed them shouting for help, but in the darkness and excitement the boys were not noticed.

Then while the shaft was still a good distance away, poor little Jud completely collapsed.

"I can't take another step," he whimpered, as he sank down exhausted. "But, oh, Dannie ! you won't leave me, will you ?"

Tortured by his terrible burns, dizzy from the blow at the back of his head, and weak from loss of blood and the fierce struggle to escape the danger that threatened on every side, it seemed as though Dannie might scarce save himself much less help Jud.

Yet the heroic lad did not hesitate for one moment in responding to the little trapper's appeal. Stooping down he picked him up, lifted him upon his shoulders, and thus burdened, staggered on again with many a slip and stumble and frequent halts for rest, until he too could go no farther, and with a pitiful groan of despair he dropped upon the wet floor.

"I'm clean done out," he said faintly to Jud. "You go on if you're rested. Maybe you'll find some of the men, and they'll come back for me."

But now it was Jud's turn to stand by his friend.

"Indeed I won't leave you," he replied with spirit; "I'll just stay here until you can start again."

For some moments the boys sat in silence, little Jud holding fast to Dannie's hand. The roaring and crashing had abated somewhat, and the air was not so dreadfully oppressive, but who could tell when there might be another explosion that would overwhelm them in hopeless ruin?

Suddenly Dannie started up, and pointing along the level, cried out:

"There are lights, Jud. See, they're coming toward us. They're looking for us."

Sure enough, breaking through the awful gloom like twinkling stars of yellow light, the lamps of the relief party came into sight and steadily drew near. Both boys sprang to their feet and shouted for joy. The leaders of the party answered back, and in a few minutes more Dannie and Jud were among them, answering the eager questions poured upon them. As quickly as possible they were carried to the shaft and sent up to the surface.

Not until then was the extent of Dannie's injuries discovered. His face, his hands, his head, and the upper part of his body were cruelly burned, and he was suffering intense agony. Covering him with a coat, they hurried him to his home in a sleigh, and for three months thereafter he never left his bed. Excruciating as his sufferings were, he bore them with wonderful fortitude and great patience. One of his most frequent visitors was Dave Norris. Jud had spread abroad the story of his rescue, and Dannie was the hero of Springhill.

"I'm right sorry for being so mean," said Dave humbly, the first time he saw Dannie. "If somebody 'ud give me a good kicking for calling you names it 'ud just serve me right."

At last Dannie got out into the sunshine again, but oh, how changed from the sturdy, red-cheeked, curly haired lad he was before the explosion! Shocking scars disfigured his face, scanty patches of hair took the place of his curls, and his body was thin and weak.

The fame of his exploit, however, went abroad, and a subscription was raised among the school children of the county for the procuring of a fine gold medal, duly inscribed, which was presented to him together with a well-filled purse.

Neither he nor little Jud ever entered the mine again. He was appointed to check the coal deliveries at the surface, and Jud went back to school. They are greater friends than ever now, and often talk over the terrible experience they shared together in the Springhill mine explosion.